

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

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WILD OATS.

MANY a young man has been lured from the path of virtue, and enticed into the road that leads, by an easy descent, into the accursed valley of destruction, through the thoughtless speech of some thoughtless person, talking flippantly about sowing wild oats, as a thing to be expected in youth.

"I had one lesson on this subject from the lips of an aged counsellor," said a valued friend to me, not long since, "which has never been forgotten. The timely warning saved me. I was nineteen years of age, and had just entered college. Young men were there from nearly every State in the Union, and some of them already sadly corrupted. I was social, in high health and spirits, and with an imagination forever carrying me beyond the actual and the present. Before I had time for reflection, and before even a consciousness of wrong had reached me, I was afloat on a dangerous sea, my boat gliding swiftly forwards, and the Siren's songs already in my ears.

"One night we had a wine party in the town, which ended in excesses, the thought of which has called a burning blush to my cheeks a hundred times since. I had not been very well for some days previously, suffering from constant headache and low febrile symptoms. The dissipation of a night turned the scale upon the wrong side, and I was so ill the next day that it was thought best to call

in a physician. He was an old man, of the old school of gentlemen, and wise, thoughtful, and kind. He commenced, at once, the business of finding out everything in regard to my habits, principles, and modes of thought, and there was something in him that so inspired me with confidence, that I concealed nothing. He looked grave, and offered a remonstrance.

"Oh," said I, almost lightly, 'young men must sow their wild oats. The ground will be so much the better prepared for seeding wheat, after the crop is taken.'

"An error of the gravest character," he replied, seriously, 'and one that has ruined its thousands and its tens of thousands of young men. Is a garden better prepared for the reception of good seed, for having been first permitted to grow weeds? I put the question to your common sense. Are there not some soils so filled with all manner of evil seeds, that the gardener, with his utmost toil and care, can scarcely remove the vigorous plants that spring to life in the warm sunshine and rain? It is no mere comparison, that of the human soul to a garden. It is, in reality, a spiritual garden. Truth is the good seed which is sown in this garden; false principles the evil seed, or 'wild oats,' which the enemy's hand scatters, if permitted, upon its virgin soil. Now, is it not as much an insult to reason to

say that the man will be a wiser, truer, better man, for having false principles, leading at once to an evil life, sown upon the ground of his mind in youth, as it is to say that a garden will be more thrifty in after years, for being first permitted to grow weeds?

"My stranger friend! I have lived almost to the completion of life's earthly cycle, and have seen a sad number of young men lost to the world, lost to themselves, and lost, I fear, to the company of God's blessed angels, in consequence of that single false idea sown into the earth of their minds. Oh, cast it out at once! Keep yourself pure. Let right principles, chaste thoughts, noble purposes, manly aims, grow in your garden—not the accursed

wild oats! Be temperate, prudent, virtuous, obedient to superiors, honorable, kind. Aim to be a man—not a sensualist. Govern yourself as a man, instead of letting passion, appetite, or any sensual desire rule you as a tyrant. Sow no more wild oats. You will find trouble enough in your after life with the seed already scattered in your fields."

"The scales," said my friend, "dropped at once from my eyes. I saw that the good old physician was right, and that this cant about sowing wild oats involved one of the most dangerous fallacies into which the mind of a young man could fall. It was my last folly of this kind."

THE OLD BACHELOR.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

PAUL RUTHERFORD sat in a rustic seat,
At the close of an Autumn day;
His form, once haughty, was stooping and frail,
His forehead was wrinkled, and tense, and pale,
And his locks disheveled and grey.

But the light which burned in his deep-set eyes,
As they fixed on the glowing West
All hung with banners of crimson and gold,
With weltings of bronze and ebony, told
That memory stirred in his breast.

Thus far, in life's wearisome masquerade,
He had played so noble a part,
That the world, applauding, had never guessed
How, all along, in a quivering breast,
He had hidden a widowed heart.

'Twas a long, lone way, but his thoughts went back
Through the drear and desolate night;
Back to a realm where his heart's wealth lay
'Neath a moss-grown mound: he was borne away
By the soul's mysterious flight.

He saw, in that dusky realm of the past,
Neither weird nor spectral face,
But the rosebud lips, and the beaming eyes
Which had caught their hue from the Summer
skies,
And a form of exquisite grace.

Such as she was when his Spirit's deep fount
First stirred by love's loyalist sigh;

Such as she was when its incense burned
On a mortal shrine, ere his proud heart learned
That its cherished idol could die.

Then he lived again those rapturous days,
When life, in love's sunniest bower,
Had ripened to bliss. Oh, blight-laden breath!
Have ye borne since then to the vale of Death
Another so queenly a flower?

A picture of beauty—a funeral train!
Paul sat in his garden alone:
Not a sound, save the sighs upheaving his breast,
Not a motion, save one white hand light pressed
Where his heart seemed turning to stone.

A gorgeous carpet of Autumn-hued leaves
O'er the box-bordered walk was spread;
The mignonette smiled through gathering tears,
And the dahlia shivered with boding fears;
Did she hear the Death Angel's tread?

The sun went down, but its lingering rays
Still flooded with glory the West,
Until over the last faint tint of day,
Chill evening had gathered her robes of grey,
And cradled the weary to rest.

Paul Rutherford slept, and the dead vines trailed
Round his forehead, a blighted wreath;
The moonbeams crept through the trellis bare,
But the winds that toyed with his flowing hair,
Had kissed from his lips the breath.

"STARLIGHT."

BY PAUL LAURIE.

CHAPTER I.

YOUNG Doctor Leslie sat before a pleasant fire in his cheerful office, with one hand half-buried in his long, curling hair, and the other turning over the leaves of a book listlessly, while his eyes were gazing into the fire, half-sleepily, half-dreamily. Suddenly the hall door was flung open with a loud jar; a hasty pattering of feet fell upon his ear; a moment after, the knob of his office door was wrenched around quickly, and a beautiful child stood in the doorway before him. Doctor Leslie drew himself up to his full height, and rubbed his eyes, to assure himself that he was really awake, as he looked upon his visitor.

"Doctor Leslie, won't you come down to our house right away, and set our Jack's leg; it's broke in two places, mother says; and I've just come after you because I knew I would find you at home."

"Yes; certainly child; but take a seat," replied the doctor, advancing to the door, and closing it. "Now, tell me how he broke it?" he inquired, drawing his overcoat on, and gazing admiringly into the lustrous eyes of his little visitor. Those eyes were now suffused with tears, gazing up at him imploringly; her cheeks were flushed with excitement, her lips apart, her breathing hard and quick, her bonnet fallen back upon her shoulders, and half-hidden by the mass of golden curls which her little hands brushed back with a rapid movement from her sunny face. Although her attire was scrupulously neat, the plainness of the material induced the doctor to think that her parents belonged to the middle class. In reply to the doctor's question, the child said,

"Oh, dear! Jack was after a rat—a great big one, and he knocked over a box; the box just fell on his leg, and broke it in two places; but won't you come right away, Doctor? I've been five minutes coming here, and I am all out of breath."

"Well, come, then; I am ready now," replied the doctor, as he lifted a mysterious bundle from the table, and opened the door. "But how did you know you would find me at home, little lady?" he inquired, as he accompanied her, walking rapidly to keep up with her, for the little feet were impatient.

"Oh! because I see you there all the time, sir, when I go past with Jack. Haven't you seen me passing with Jack?"

The young man did not reply; her answer had brought up before him two years of weary waiting. True, he very seldom had a call, and more than once he had determined to "Throw physic to the dogs," as week after week, and month after month passed by with scarcely a call; but something—perhaps it was his love of the art—always prevented him. The child waited for the answer to her question, but none came.

"Don't you know our Jack? He is only a year younger than me. We often pass your office, when we are playing together."

"And how old are you?" queried the doctor, smiling at the little one's prattle.

"Just five years old last week. This is our house, sir; let me open the door, if you please." And the little one swung the door open, preceeding the doctor to the parlor, and taking his hat from him in a graceful manner. "I'll run and tell Mother and Father; they don't know you are here, or that I went after you; I just done it all myself."

The doctor gazed after the fairy-like creature in amazement. "Done it all herself! Hem! Like as not they don't want me; family physician, and all that! A precious fool I am, to follow that little one!"

Nevertheless, the doctor proceeded to make himself at home, turning over the leaves of annuals, examining various specimens of the yellow ore which were placed upon the centre table, and now and then glancing around upon the surroundings. Certainly he had made a great mistake; the child's parents were undoubtedly very wealthy. Perhaps it would be a wise movement to return to his office at once. No! now that he was there, why he was determined to see the end of this affair.

"Now, Doctor, please to come up stairs," said the little lady, as she entered the parlor, tripping to his side gracefully, and shaking back her golden curls as she looked up into his face, and gave him her hand, as if to lead him. "Please to come up; everything is in order, and Jack is perfectly quiet."

The doctor gave the tiny hand a warm pressure, as he followed her up the stairs, and into an elegantly furnished chamber. Two ladies and a gentleman were seated at one of the chamber windows, with their backs toward him, the gentleman bending down and over what the doctor supposed to be the suffering boy, Jack. As the doctor advanced to the middle of the room, the ladies turned around hastily, meeting the doctor's collected look with one of undisguised astonishment.

"Mother!" exclaimed the child, "Here he is, and he said that he would certainly set Jack's leg."

Upon hearing the child's voice, the gentleman arose, and facing the doctor, favored him with a well-bred stare from beneath his elevated eyebrows.

"Permit me," said the eldest lady, placing a seat for the doctor, with a look that said, "Your business, pray?"

Why did the color deepen in the doctor's cheeks? Why did he catch his breath in that manner, or what caused his heart to throb so painfully? Reader, when the gentleman at the window arose, and the doctor's glance reached beyond the gentleman's seat in quest of the sufferer, it fell upon a Newfoundland dog! As they looked at each other in silence, a smile, a very faint one, it is true, flickered around the doctor's lips; but it did not extend to his eyes. It was not without visible embarrassment that he managed to say, at last, still looking in the gentleman's eyes boldly, "I believe you have the privilege of indulging in a hearty laugh, sir; pray, do not permit my presence to strangle it in your throat; but when this little fairy called upon me to set Jack's leg, I—I was not aware that Jack was a dog."

"My dear sir, you must excuse me!" replied the gentleman, as he endeavored, in vain, to control his muscles; then leaning back, he burst into a clear, hearty laugh, that rang throughout the house. The ladies gazed from the gentleman to their visitor, and at each other, with humor-lit eyes, then yielded themselves to a hearty fit of laughter, in which the doctor joined, and which they all found very difficult to restrain, even at the end of some five or six minutes.

"Indeed, you must excuse us, sir!" said the eldest lady, as she wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes, and essayed to compose herself.

"Look at Starlight, Mother, will you!" exclaimed the gentleman, as he pointed towards

the child with one hand, and pressed the other to his side.

"Oh, dear! how sore my sides are!" The child was looking from one to the other with a look of perplexity and amazement, with her hands clasped behind her in an old-fashioned manner.

"Indeed, I can't see anything to laugh at! Didn't I tell you I was going for the doctor, just a minute ago, Will? And didn't you say 'Very well?'"

"So I did, Starlight; but I had no idea—" here the young gentleman sat down hastily, and again the doctor was forced to join in the laugh against him.

"Come, William!" said his mother. "This is ridiculous conduct."

"Oh, I know it! confound it! It's so ridiculous that my sides just now feel very much as if they had been pounded with drum sticks!" was the broken reply, between sobs and contortions.

"Yes, it is ridiculous; and Jack laying there with his poor, broken leg. He don't laugh!"

"No, Starlight; but it's because he don't know how. Starlight, you will be the death of me yet! Don't you think the doctor could put that piece to the cat's tail?" Starlight drew herself up proudly, and advanced to the side of the dog, saying, "Doctor Leslie didn't come to hear you laughing; he just come to set Jack's leg. Poor Jack!" continued the little one, as she caressed the noble animal, putting one arm over his neck, and gently placing her other hand upon his broken leg.

"You see how it is, Doctor Leslie; we paid no attention to the child's prattle, when she told us she had brought a doctor; we owe you an apology for so far forgetting ourselves as to indulge in this untimely mirth; you will, I hope, overlook it; and I hope we may be friends hereafter."

"No apology is required here, Madam."

"My name is Logan."

"Well, Mrs. Logan, I am indebted to your child for the heartiest laugh I have enjoyed for months," continued the doctor, as he glanced around upon the circle, and made a movement towards the door.

"Oh, Doctor! why you have not looked at Jack yet!" exclaimed Starlight, in dismay, as she noticed his outstretched hand. He turned around deliberately, facing the child as he replied, "Don't you think your brother could set his leg as well as I could do it?"

"I'm sure he couldn't; besides, you know,

you said you would *certainly* do it, and you must keep your promise."

"That's right, Starlight! make him do it," said her brother, banteringly.

Doctor Leslie approached the dog, and examined his broken leg. In compliance with his request, Mr. Logan procured for him a piece of wood, out of which he made suitable splints, and with Mr. Logan's assistance, while the rest looked on, he very soon placed Jack's leg in its proper shape. In gratifying the child's desire, he also gratified the whole family. Mr. Logan's manner was respectful and frank at the same time, as he acknowledged the slight service rendered.

"You must call again, Doctor, and look at your patient," said Mrs. Logan, as she accompanied him to the door.

The doctor shook his head as he rejoined, "I think you have had sufficient amusement at my expense, Mrs. Logan."

"I am in earnest, Doctor; you are at liberty to call upon us, and I hope you will do so."

"Oh, yes; I will go and fetch him, if he won't come without," added Starlight, who had that moment joined them. "I'm sure I'll never forget you for setting our Jack's leg."

"And I am sure *I'll* never forget it, either," thought the doctor, as he bowed himself out, and walked back to his office.

"You'll make a famous business woman, Starlight, when you grow up!" exclaimed her brother, when Starlight re-entered the chamber with her mother. "It will be 'do this,' and 'do that,' and it will be done in short order. What put it into your head to go after that doctor?"

"Why, it just come, like everything else comes there, I suppose; wouldn't you want a doctor, if your leg was broke, Will?"

"I wouldn't want one long, if you were about."

"Well, then, I think you needn't mind laughing so much at the things I do," replied Starlight, surveying Jack with an air of self-complacency. "If it hadn't been for me, Jack's leg wouldn't have been mended at all; it takes me to bring the doctor!"

CHAPTER II.

It was late in the afternoon of the third day following his singular visit, that Doctor Leslie, tired with reading, leaned back in his chair in his office, and gazed out of the window, now upon the passers-by, now upon the richly-colored clouds sweeping majestically overhead, when a light rap upon the door attracted his atten-

tion. Rising, and opening the office door, his glance fell upon Starlight, who, in company with Jack, had come to pay him a visit.

"So you came to see me, Starlight, at last; I had given you up; and how is 'our Jack's' leg to-day?"

The dog gave him a wistful look upon hearing his name mentioned. "That means 'Very well, sir,'" interpreted Starlight, as she proceeded to make room for herself beside the doctor, laying her bonnet upon his table. Jack limped to her side, and stretched himself out at full length, upon the floor, evidently considering himself at home.

"Free and easy, ain't he?" inquired the child, looking up into the doctor's face gravely.

"Very," he responded, running his fingers through her beautiful hair, and smiling at the oddity of the expression coming from a mere child.

"Mother said that if you wouldn't call to see your patient, why, that your patient must come to see *you*, and so I just brought him along."

"Without telling them at home?"

"What's the use; when she said that, I just took her at her word."

"What a singular child," murmured Doctor Leslie, still running his hands through the golden curls.

"What makes you say I'm singular?"

"Did I say you were singular?"

"Yes; you said it just now. What is *singular*?"

"I could scarcely make you understand it, Starlight. By the way, tell me why they call you Starlight."

"Father said it first; he said there was something in my eyes, he never told me what, that made him call me Starlight. Then Mother, and Annie, and Will, called me Starlight, too. Do you see anything in my eyes, Doctor Leslie?"

"Yes; a great deal."

"A great deal of what? tell me, I want to know."

"A great deal of *starlight*."

"That's just what the rest tell me, when I ask them. But I have another name, and a prettier one; though I don't often get it."

"What is that?"

"Jessie."

"I like Starlight the best."

"Do you? Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you. Doctor Porter (that's the doctor we always had, 'till I got you to set Jack's leg) was at

our house this morning, and when he seen Jack, he asked who fixed his leg so nice, and mother told him all about it."

Here Doctor Leslie's face grew red. Doctor Porter was their family physician then; one of the ablest and oldest of the many able practitioners in the city. The story would be all over town now; he knew it would come to that!

"Oh! you needn't be the least afraid, Doctor Leslie!"

"Afraid of what, Starlight?"

"Afraid of any one making fun of you. When Doctor Porter laughed, Mother and Annie didn't laugh a bit. And mother told him you were not a bit of a fool, and if he told it for a capital story, she would tell the other side of it, and when Doctor Porter told mother to employ you for the family, she thanked him for his advice, and that made him angry, and Mother says he is never to come back again; and I'm so glad, for he isn't a bit like you; but ever so cross."

"There! don't tell me any more, Starlight."

"Why? well, won't you look at Jack's leg, then?"

The doctor complied with her request.

"It is doing famously, Starlight; it will be well in a few days."

"Well, I think I must go now; you won't tell what I told you, Doctor. Oh! I nearly forget something else! Maybe Will will be here to see you to-night. I heard him saying so. Come, Jack! Good bye, Doctor! we'll come soon again," and tying on her bonnet carelessly, the little lady tripped through the door, and away from the office, swiftly, while Doctor Leslie sat down and meditated.

"Humph! Porter will never weary repeating that story. Confound the dog! What could that little one mean? her mother would not, even for a moment, think of employing one like me as her family physician? Pooh! the idea is ridiculous! I dare say, every time my name is mentioned, they enjoy a hearty laugh at my expense. I wonder what brother Will wishes to call upon me for; perhaps to pay me for my services. He will do well to conduct himself in a gentlemanly manner when he comes."

When young Mr. Logan called upon him, two hours later, Doctor Leslie gave him his hand, though not without a degree of restraint. Upon taking the seat which the doctor had placed for him, the gentleman proceeded at once to state his business.

"I hope you will not be offended, Doctor

Leslie, at my offering to remunerate you for the service you rendered the other day—we looked for you at the house; but when you did not return, we concluded to call upon you."

As he spoke, he placed a ten dollar bill upon the table beside the doctor, who lifted it, and handed it back to him, saying, with a smile, "Be assured, I am not offended. I think I understand the motive; but I cannot take anything upon that score."

"I am sorry, sir; still, importunity here would be very much out of place," replied Mr. Logan, adding, in a few moments, "Why, Mother desired me to request your services as our family physician. I presume that you have but one answer to the proposition, Doctor Leslie."

Doctor Leslie did not reply at once, and when the answer came, it was in a low tone, "I shall certainly accept it; but I fear that your mother overrates me. To what do I owe this, Mr. Logan?"

"Perhaps I should not tell you, sir."

"You will confer a favor upon me by so doing," interrupted the doctor, hastily.

"To gratify you," replied Mr. Logan, bowing. "Doctor Porter has been our family physician for many years. If you have ever met him, you know that he is exceedingly coarse, pompous, and tyrannical. He called upon us the day after your visit. The manner in which Jack's leg was bandaged, attracted his attention; finally, he drew the story from my mother. I was not there at the time, but I understand that his manner was insulting, and to such a degree, that my mother gave him to understand that his services were no longer required. This is the reason why she desires you to take his place. Your manner pleased her; indeed, I confess you impressed me favorably, as well as the rest."

"I hope I may prove myself worthy of the confidence you repose in me," responded Doctor Leslie.

"And you refuse to accept this?" said Mr. Logan, holding the note towards the doctor.

"No! no!" was the laughing reply. "I can't take it; if I did, I would merit the cognomen of 'Dog Doctor.'"

"Well, well! as you please; perhaps Starlight may succeed in paying that."

Doctor Leslie made a light reply, then changed the subject. When the gentlemen separated, after an hour's conversation, it was with a mutual feeling of respect for each other.

CHAPTER III.

Doctor Leslie became popular. Wherever his enemy, Doctor Porter, related the dog story, there, too, Mrs. Logan gave her version; and as the lady always succeeded in giving the story a humorous turn, foiling him, and very often turning the laugh against him, Doctor Porter discovered that he was losing ground, and wisely held his tongue; but not until, as Will Logan declared, "Doctor Leslie was puffed into a fair practice." At the end of a year, young Doctor Leslie had accomplished his aim. He had, by a strict adherence to his duty, as a man and a physician, won the love and respect of almost every one with whom he had been brought into contact. He had added dignity to the profession, and filled his purse at the same time. And he deserved his good fortune. It was well for him that he was not vain; that his good fortune did not puff him up with arrogance; but his heart never harbored pride. When Starlight tripped into his office, with Jack at her side, Doctor Leslie would say, while placing a seat for the little lady, "So you brought my friend Jack along with you!" then, perhaps, while patting or caressing Jack, he would add, "Jack! you have no idea what I owe to you and your mistress." Or he would rehearse a compact which Starlight readily subscribed to, that of permitting him to claim half of the Newfoundland. Very merry they were together, and sometimes very boisterous; perhaps of the trio Jack was the quietest; certainly he was, at times, the most dignified. One day the child, in looking over the doctor's library, displaced a book, which fell upon the floor at her feet. Upon lifting it, a glove, which had been enclosed between its leaves, fell upon the floor. Starlight would have expressed her surprise in a childish exclamation, but that the doctor was engaged in reading, and she feared to disturb him. As it was, her eyes and mouth betrayed no little astonishment as she held up the small glove, first in the one hand, then in the other. After examining it very closely, while her curls were shaking significantly from side to side, she advanced to the doctor with a deliberate walk, and holding up the glove, said, in measured tones, "Doctor Leslie, where did you get Miss Allen's glove?"

The doctor lifted his head suddenly.

"Why, how came you by *that*, Starlight?" he inquired, as he took the glove from her hastily, while his brow and cheeks flushed a bright red.

"Ah!" and now the curls were flung about rapidly. "Answer my question first!"

"Whose glove did you say it was, Starlight?"

"Why, don't you know? it's Miss Allen's, Grace Allen's, and you know it."

"And pray, who is Miss Allen? come, tell me, Starlight, how you know it's Miss Allen's," said the doctor, as he laid aside his book, and lifted her upon his knee.

"Where is it? See there!" pointing to a small rent in the glove; "Jack made that one day when Miss Allen was at our house. He had it in his mouth. I tried to take it from him, and between us it got that."

"So you are sure that it is Miss Allen's glove!"

"Why, to be sure I am, sir! But now, how did you come by it? you didn't tell me that yet."

"I found it," replied the doctor, somewhat confusedly, for Starlight's eyes were fixed upon him curiously. "And I don't want you to mention it, Fairy. I believe you are half a fairy, but a good one; promise me that you will not mention it."

"Well," said the child, reluctantly, "I won't say anything about it to any one; will that do?"

"Yes; but how did you find it?"

"Oh, it just fell out of the book, and I knew it at once. I wish I hadn't promised anything about it, though. I could have told Miss Allen all about it."

"Yes; and a pretty how-do-you-do that would have brought me into," muttered the doctor, adding in a louder tone, "Remember your promise, Starlight."

"Oh, yes; I'll be sure to remember it; and so you just found it? how curious!"

"I don't think it very curious. I picked it up at the door one evening."

Starlight mused a few minutes, then turning her face upwards suddenly, she said, "I suppose you have read Cinderella, haven't you?"

The doctor smiled and nodded. "I believe I have. What then?"

"Oh—nothing. But I must go home now, I've been here a long time." She stood upon the floor a moment, irresolutely, then walked out slowly, with a finger across her lips, and her head bent slightly forward and downwards, never regarding Jack's manoeuvres, or endeavoring, as had been her wont, to outrun him.

"I wonder what the fairy is thinking of!"

thought Doctor Leslie, as he watched her walking home slowly, then turning towards his arm-chair, he sat down again. "So, there's the end of my romance!" he ejaculated, at the end of perhaps fifteen minutes; then drawing his book towards him, soon became absorbed in its perusal.

At the end of an hour he laid the book aside, and prepared to write a letter to his only relative, an uncle who lived in the country, an independent bachelor farmer. While he is writing, we will take the liberty to look over his shoulder.

Oct. 4th, 18—

DEAR UNCLE:

I should have sent you word by Mr. Glover when he was here a few days ago, but that I had some things to communicate which I did not think it proper to trust to a third party. I have succeeded at last; I have an extensive practice, warm friends, and ample means; or, at least, all that I require, and herewith I enclose you the sum which I borrowed of you five years ago. I assure you it affords me great pleasure to be enabled to repay it, and along with the trifling interest accompanying it, you will please to accept my sincere gratitude. Perhaps you are astonished. If it was not asking too much of you, I would invite you to ———; living up to your own rule, "Business before pleasure," I find it impossible to spare the time which even a short visit to X—— would require. And yet I desire very much to see you. I shall look for an early answer to this, and should you visit ———, remember my address, No. 674 — street.

Remembering your aversion for long letters, I conclude this in the hope that ere a twelvemonth rolls over us, I may find time to pay you a flying visit.

Your affectionate nephew.

HARVEY LESLIE.

P. S. I am still unmarried.

After reading this over carefully, and enclosing a draft for four hundred dollars in it, he sealed it, and placed it in a drawer. Then laying back in his chair, he gave himself up to thoughts which ran somewhat in this manner: "No! I am not married; just now I was calculating the probabilities of that event, when here that little fairy steps in, and spoils my romance. Positively, that child appears to control my fortune! And so I have been treasuring up Miss Allen's glove, the loveliest and wealthiest lady in ———, who would smile at the mere idea of unting her fate

with that of Doctor Leslie, and whose suitors it would be a difficult matter to number! Pooh! how ridiculous! What a laugh that would give Will Logan. I hope Starlight may not forget her promise! However, the fact that I did not know the name of the owner of this," swaying the glove gently back and forth in his hand, "alters the case materially. What could have put such a silly idea in my head as to imagine that I would marry the owner of this! I had better —; but no! I'll lay it aside." But still his fingers stroked the dainty glove, as he gazed out upon the street dreamily. A moment he stood still before it, then turned on his heel suddenly, and sat down, when he very deliberately proceeded to place the glove in his breast pocket.

CHAPTER IV.

In due time John Leslie received his nephew's letter. John Leslie was not a very demonstrative man, nor was he easily astonished; but his nephew's letter caused him great astonishment, and to demonstrate that astonishment in various actions and expressions.

"Trifling interest! let me see; the interest on two hundred dollars, for five years, at eight per cent., would be just eighty dollars, and here is a draft for four hundred! just double the amount I gave him; gave him, and here he calls it a loan, and pays me at the rate of twenty per cent. interest on it! It's a wonder he didn't compound it! 'Business before pleasure!' eh! my own rule? So it is, so it is. Well, I would like to see the boy. Ain't married yet! I would like to have a quiet talk with the boy; but like as not some man trap will get hold of him, the goose! Not but what a good wife might help him; but then, what does he know about women? He needs some one to advise him. That looks suspicious. 'Ain't married yet.' He must be thinking about it, then. I believe I'll have to go to ———, one errand, to see him. Who knows but I may save him from marrying some worthless creature; and I'll send him back his money. How on earth has he kept himself, and made friends in that time, and yet has enough money to spare, to give this to me. I really don't understand it. I hope he came by it honestly. I don't like long letters, but this is terrible short, and unsatisfactory. I'll just go to ———, to-morrow, and satisfy myself."

Nevertheless, Mr. Leslie found his time occupied when the morrow came. He did not

go to ——— that day, or the day following. A month passed around, ere he visited ——— with his nephew's letter in his pocket, for fear he might otherwise forget his address. . . . Mr. Leslie reached ——— early in the morning, but he did not find his nephew's office until the hour of noon. Upon entering it, he beheld a beautiful child amusing herself with a kaleidoscope, who, the moment she perceived him, laid it aside, and as she threw her right arm over the neck of an immense Newfoundland dog with a careless, child-like grace, inquired, "Do you wish to see Doctor Leslie, sir?"

"H'm! why yes; where is he?"

"He is out at present; but he will be in in about half an hour," replied Starlight, as she ran her fingers through Jack's long, curly hair. Jack looked at the visitor complacently and steadily. They were evidently at home there, Mr. Leslie thought, the dog and the child, and a beautiful picture they presented to the farmer's eyes; the child, with her plump, white arm over the Newfoundland's glossy, black hair, half leaning against him, with one foot advanced a trifle beyond the other, displaying a fairy-like ankle, and a marvelously small foot, while her left hand held back a mass of golden curls from her face. Never had Mr. Leslie beheld such eyes as those which now encountered his own unwaveringly.

"And who are you?" inquired Mr. Leslie, pleasantly.

"Don't you know who I am? why, I'm *Starlight*!" replied the child, flashing glances of merriment upon the farmer.

He smiled, as he seated himself. "So you're *Starlight*! I've seen a good deal of starlight in my time; but I don't know that I ever seen anything like you. Well, I intend to stop till my nephew comes in, Miss *Starlight*."

"Oh, you are Doctor Leslie's uncle, come to see him!"

"Yes; but who told you about it?" queried the farmer, no little astonished.

"Doctor Leslie; and I'm so glad you have come. I wanted to see you."

"Wanted to see me! What does the child mean?"

"I'll just tell you all about it," replied *Starlight*, advancing towards him, and seating herself beside him.

"Come on my knee, my child," said the farmer, looking down upon her kindly.

Starlight offered no resistance.

"I know I shall like you; you are so much like Doctor Leslie."

"Well, what were you going to tell me?"

"All about Miss Allen and Doctor Leslie. Do you know Miss Allen?"

Mr. Leslie shook his head.

"Well, she comes to our house. She is a beautiful lady, and just as kind as Doctor Leslie; but ever so much richer. Everybody loves her; but nobody loves her half as much as Doctor Leslie, (I wouldn't tell that to any one but you; but you are his uncle, and you'll let him marry her,) and she loves him, I know."

"How do you know?" inquired Mr. Leslie, forgetting that he was talking to a mere child, in his eager interest.

"Oh! I must go back to the first, and tell you everything. Doctor Leslie found a glove one day—Miss Allen's, but he didn't know it then, till I seen it in a book over there, (it ain't there now, though, he carries it in his breast pocket. I seen him looking at it one day) when I told him whose it was. And I know that he loves her, but he isn't rich like her, and thinks she would laugh at him; but I heard her tell Annie, *our Annie*, that there were very few men like Doctor Leslie, and sometimes, when she thinks no one is looking at her, and he comes in, her eyes look so different, and her cheeks grow red; it isn't hard to tell they like each other; but unless somebody tells Doctor Leslie *the truth*, and makes him believe it, he'll never say a word to her; and that's why I wanted to see you; you are rich, ain't you? Mother says Mr. Allen is the richest man in town."

"Seems to me as if I had heard of him. Oh, yes! I remember," muttered the farmer, adding aloud, "And have you been puzzling your little brain over this, without saying anything to anybody?"

"Not a word; I just waited till you would come. Doctor Leslie said you would come some day, and he said you were good to him when he was a little boy; so I just left it all for you to do."

"The child is a perfect riddle," ejaculated the farmer.

"I'm sure I don't want to be, then!" rejoined *Starlight*, quickly. "Don't you see! He wouldn't ask you for money; he never asks for anything. You can make him rich, and tell him that a little bird told you he had a lady's glove in his pocket."

Here *Starlight* laughed merrily at her thought.

"Well, if you ain't the oddest child!" said the farmer.

"Are you odd?" queried Starlight, sobering down, and eyeing Mr. Leslie closely. But he made no reply; he was thinking intently. The child slid down from his knee, and brought the Newfoundland to his side quietly. "This is our Jack."

"A noble fellow he is, too," said Mr. Leslie, arousing himself, and caressing the dog, whereupon its mistress gave him the history of the doctor's introduction to Jack, causing the farmer to laugh till the tears filled his eyes.

When Doctor Leslie returned to his office, he found his bachelor uncle listening to Starlight, and caressing the Newfoundland. Of course he was very much astonished, and exceedingly gratified. The meeting was an affectionate one. His uncle gazed upon him proudly, surprised to find, in the noble form before him, the nephew whom he had last seen a mere schoolboy.

While they were conversing, Starlight and her playmate glided out of the office unperceived.

Mr. Leslie remained in ——— a month, boarding in the same house with his nephew, by whom he was introduced to the Logans, and to several of his city friends. More than once he surprised the doctor by asking questions concerning his lady friends, and once he brought a blush to the young man's cheek, by adverting to Miss Allen, whom he had met that day at Mrs. Logan's. But what was the doctor's astonishment, upon hearing his uncle declaring, the evening before his departure from the city, that he had discovered his nephew's love for Miss Allen.

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Harvey, with a high color in his cheeks. "What grounds have you for making such an assertion?"

His uncle smilingly answered, "A little bird told me."

"Ah! I perceive Starlight in this—the little plague!"

"Well!" he inquired, after an embarrassing silence.

"Why, I have been thinking ——" here the uncle hesitated.

"Go on; I am listening, sir."

"Confound it! It may as well come out now as again! I've always calculated on giving you my money when I die; but I've altered my mind since I came to ——. It may be a long while before I die, and you might as well have the use of the money now

as any time; what's the use of my holding on to it, when it would help you more than it possibly could me! I've watched you pretty close. You are a good manager, and know how to use money. Now, if that little bird tells the truth, your chances are pretty fair for Miss Allen."

"I don't understand you! repeat that, Uncle," said the doctor, turning upon him sharply, and elevating his eyebrows as he waited for the reply.

"Why, I understand that the lady places a high estimate upon you; (and I can't see anything strange in that) but as her father might object, (he is aristocratic, I hear) I imagined what I might afford to leave you would lessen, perhaps obviate the difficulties in the way. Perhaps you didn't hear that brother Ralph and sister Ellen left me their property when they died, with the understanding that it should be given to you when you arrived at your twenty-seventh year—provided you conducted yourself properly."

The doctor shook his head.

"The whole will sum up —; how much do you suppose?"

"Indeed, Uncle, I have not the faintest idea; as much as eighty or a hundred thousand?"

"Pooh! I'm worth that myself, boy! You couldn't buy me out with a hundred thousand. Say three hundred thousand."

"You will have me into fairy land directly," said his nephew, who was becoming confused, and scarcely knew whether he was sitting or standing.

"Well, I'll make it over to you, and introduce myself to Mr. Allen, with the papers in my pocket. I'll do it before I go home. No! we will go down together. What do you say to that?"

"Upon my word, Uncle, I am confounded! give me time to breathe."

"What is Mr. Allen worth?"

"Oh! into the millions somewhere," replied the doctor, moving about nervously. "But you need not make this over to me now; a will in my favor would answer every purpose, that is, if I deserve it."

"There's nothing like surety, Harvey; besides, it will be all the same to me. I rather like —, and I'll spend most of my time here, I think. I'll just oversee the affairs at X—, for you. The folks there talk of sending me to Congress, but whether I am elected or not, I intend to do a little reading, and look around me. I was afraid that some designing

woman would get you in her net; but I tell you, Harvey, I'm greatly pleased with Miss Allen. However, if it hadn't been for that little one, I would have returned to X—, none the wiser as to that matter, and then, perhaps, you would have lost her. You owe all this to that little one."

Harvey smiled.

"What now!" inquired Mr. Leslie.

"Who would have thought you would assist in match-making—an old bachelor!"

"Not one! not one! But this is not making a match, it is only placing it in your power to please yourselves.

The following day Harvey accompanied his

uncle to X—, and when he returned to —, it was with the gratifying assurance that there was now a probability of his winning the object of his affections. Perhaps the gossiping world never were more astonished than they were upon the occasion of Doctor Leslie's marriage with the wealthy Miss Allen. Various were the comments and surmises, and not a few ill-natured things were said, to all of which the doctor had the good sense to turn a deaf ear. But, as he caught up the beautiful Starlight in his arms, upon his return from his bridal tour, half smothering her with kisses, he exclaimed, "I owe it all to you, my Starlight!"

FIFTY, FADED, AND FAT.

BY D. A. BIRN.

I SEE you at fifty, faded and fat,
I said to my wife one day,
Embracing her girlish form as she sat
In my lap in her innocent way;
I see you at fifty, faded and fat,
Your eyes grown keen and cold,
Selfish and sharp as the eyes of a rat,
With the greed of praise and gold.

Yes, love, you needn't turn up those eyes;
Drawing back that beautiful head
As though their tender and calm surprise
Should shame me for what I have said;
For know you of none who are fifty and fat,
And faded, and selfish, and cold,
And think you, sweet child, they were always
that,
Or that they were always old?

And don't you remember this morning, dear,
You went not to church with me,
Because your mantilla seemed not near
As new as it used to be;

And don't you remember how vexed you were
When I told you, the other day,
When you asked for the money due from Blair,
That he said he couldn't yet pay?

Yes, love, 'twas wrong—'twas a step away
From the path pursued by Christ,
And step by step, and day by day,
Does the heart grow vain and iced.
And do what one may, the face will grow
A type of the soul within,
Till each passer-by, with a glance, will know
If the soul serves God or sin.

And would you, at fifty, be plump and fair,
With calm, clear, loving eyes?
With a cheering word for another's care,
And a smile for another's joys?
Or would you, at fifty, be faded and fat,
With eyes grown keen and cold,
Selfish and sharp as the eyes of a rat,
With the greed of praise and gold?

LILA LEE—A VALENTINE.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

I CAN shut my eyes and see,
Lila Lee,
The church upon the hill,
The tumble-down old mill,
The fields of bearded rye
Where often you and I
Have wander'd, Lila Lee!
The rye fields blossom still,
But the church and the mill,
They are gone, Lila Lee!

Can you shut your eyes and see,
Lila Lee?
We often sit and think;
And we sigh, as we think,
Of the tears we have shed
For the lost and the dead,
And ourselves, Lila Lee!
I've lov'd you all my life;
Say, will you be my wife?
Be my wife, Lila Lee!

THE LANDSCAPE ELEMENT IN POETRY.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

WINTER.

THE aspect of Winter is not always a cheerless one. Nature, in working for the physical good of creation, even in her severest and apparently least sympathizing operations, invariably suffers some visible good to appear, as well as, says Leigh Hunt, a great deal of beauty—itsself a good. Dull, driving clouds, and fierce, assailing winds, are not the only accompaniments of the "forlorn and dreary season," albeit to the heart disposed to study nature in her varying moods, and to acknowledge, with unquestioning submission, the unerring and unceasing goodness of the Giver of all, even these are not without their pleasures and fruitful sources of reflection. The absence of birds, the solitude of groves once vocal with their warblings, the seal put upon the fountains and murmuring waves, and the awful quiet of the places where a thousand merry delights were wont to burst upon us, may be but insufficiently atoned for in the glittering pinnacles that the Frost king uprears, in the solemn diapasons of the Winter wind, and the boundless expanse of God's beautiful snow, yet may we feed our wonder and delight on these brilliant manifestations of God's bounty with as full and sweet a sense of pleasure as the Summer ever gave.

Man seeks his enjoyments through the most easily accessible avenues. The processes that give delight to the few, are the abhorrence of the many, and therefore, an out-door study of nature in mid-winter, may well bring consternation to nervous souls. Happily the painter can limn, and the poet sing of the dazzling beauties of a Winter's day, and the still more brilliant glories of a clear Winter's night, and through their aid, timid humanity may, and does gather a modicum of that understanding which it will not seek for unaided.

Though the poet, scarcely more than another man, numbers Winter as a favorite season, the bristling charms of snow, hail, and sleet, have been remembered, time and again, in the noblest verse. Thomson, as the Poet of the Seasons, of course stands pre-eminent for his pictures of Winter scenes, and Cowper, for his picturesque descriptions in the Task,

ranks but a little below him. Rather, in some points, does he stand equal with him, particularly in the delicacy and exquisite minuteness of his touches. Wordsworth has made a Winter evening one of the finest landscape pieces in his poem of "The Prelude." Coleridge, in "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," has given us a succession of the most thrilling pictures of Frost and Ice in the Southern Frozen Sea, perfectly sublime, and perfectly terrible; and the "Thalaba" of Southey, from the twenty-first stanza of Book the VIIIth, to the twenty-third of the XIth, is one brilliant panorama of the work of the Frost-King in his severest moods. Burns is full of his own wild Highland North; and Allan Cunningham, Motherwell, and the Ettrick Shepherd, are equally true to their natures and their birth place. Tennyson's "Ring Out" is melodious with the true instinct of the season; while the verse of Shelley, of Milton, of Spencer, and an hundred more, is sprinkled throughout with gems of Winter's making, like the jewels which the frostwork itself produces. Even Keats, whose delight it was to doze and dream among thick herbage and plants of luxurious overgrowth, within the sound of musical waterfalls, and half intoxicate with sensuous excess, has attuned his harp in rapturous strains to the exhilarating effects of Winter.

So with our own Poets. Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Snow Storm" is one of the most effective of his pictures. Ralph Hoyt's "Snow" is a perfect Carnival, with the multiplicity of its figures masqued and in disguise. David Humphreys, one of the earliest of our poets, sang of the American Winter long before cities, towns, and hamlets dotted our land as they do now. "A Winter Night" is one of the most beautiful of the lamented William Peabody's elegant effusions; and the "First Snow," by Lowell, is one of the most touching of that poet's thousand and one rhymes. Longfellow, Bryant, and others, have sung of Winter in their noblest strains; and Alfred Street, one of Nature's truest poets, is full of it.

And why not? To look up from Nature unto Nature's God, in the meaning that the

poet intended, to discern clearly and fully the Hand that made and perfected all, requires something more than the spontaneous emotion of a moment, produced by any single aspect of Nature, be it ever so joyous and sweet. Nature in her varying moods—the rapidly succeeding phenomena and minutæ of her elemental changes—the transition from season to season—why the air that is balmy and mild in Summer should be crisp and violent in Winter—what the clouds say when they hurry so, whether laden with the life-giving rain of the one season, or the hail and snow of the other—the outstretched expanse of glittering snow, sparkling like jewels in the sunlight, a brilliant sheen reaching far over hill and plain, as glorious and pure a covering for earth as the sweetest green that Summer ever nourished; all these, and many more of the phenomena of external nature, require our continued and profoundest study ere we can divine fully the good intent, the grand purpose, and the infinite harmony and perfection of that great plan in the adoption and completion of which our Father had in view alone the happiness of his creatures.

"The poetry of earth is never dead."

The inspiration of the circling, silent, slowly-falling snow-flake is as tender and sweet as the murmuring sound of the dropping rain. The snow foliage on the trees, that vanishes so insensibly before the noonday sun, is as blooming and fresh as the green garb of Summer, which, too, in turn, fades into the fleeting colors of Autumn, and departs, but leaves behind it the emblems of decay, which Winter's dress does not. The roar of the Winter storm, through naked trees, is as grand as the solemn symphonies of the Summer wind through forests decked in their densest verdure. And the solemn, holy quiet of a clear Winter's night, when every star seems to feel the clear keen rapture, is infinitely beyond all comparison richer and purer than all the Summer can produce.

The grand, distinctive feature of a Winter view is, the softly abounding snow, which, despite the chilliness of the feature itself, produces a warmth of coloring to the landscape, as we know it does to the earth beneath. The very severity of the season is thus contradicted by its own inherent characteristic. What a charm and delight imagination feels in a "bright hush of new-fallen snow!" One's whole being is animated by the softly glistening sight. Even the old familiar faces of nature carry none of our regrets with them as

they retire for awhile out of view. "That white silence," says Kit North, "shed by Heaven over earth, carries with it, far and wide, the pure peace of another region—almost another life. No image is there to tell of this restless and noisy world. The cheerfulness of reality kindles up our reverie ere it becomes a dream; and we are glad to feel our whole being complexioned by the passionless repose. If we think at all of human life, it is only of the young, the fair, and the innocent. 'Pure as snow' are words, then, felt to be most holy, as the image of some beautiful and beloved being comes and goes before our eyes—brought from a far distance in this, our living world, or from a distance far, further still, in the world beyond the grave—the image of a virgin growing up sinlessly to womanhood, among her parent's prayers, or of some spiritual creature who expired long ago, and carried with her her native innocence unstained to Heaven." The raiment of Christ, in the transfiguration, is compared with snow: "And his raiment became shiny, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them." The purity of the Christian's garments is elsewhere likened to snow, also, in the Holy Scriptures.

This emblem of the purity and stainlessness of snow, produces in the poet the holiest emotions of rapture. How simply, and how truthfully, has Cowper said,

"The vault is blue,
Without a cloud, and white, without a speck,
The dazzling splendor of the scene below."

And Thomson,

"The cherished fields
Put on their tender robe of purest white;
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the many current."

Thomson again, in a picture of some length, for the introduction of which we should apologize, but for the exceeding perfectness and beauty of every part of it. It is one of the finest paintings of a winter landscape that has ever been written:

"As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own loose, revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown, joyless brow, and other scenes
Of horrid prospect shag the trackless plain,
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild, but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of
home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot which Fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man,
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow, and, what is land un-
known,

What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen."

Not one word of it can be omitted. The
"Seasons" does not contain a more effective
or affecting picture. To be read immediately
after the "Death in the Snow," is the fine frag-
mentary Ballad Song, "Donocht-head."
Though not strictly after the plan of this
essay, we cannot pass it by:

"Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-head,
The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale,
The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneek,
And shivering tells his waefu' tale;
'Cauld is the night, O, let me in,
And dinna let your minstrel fa',
And dinna let his winding sheet
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

"'Full ninety Winters hae I seen,
And piped wher gor-cocks whinnying flew;
And mony a day I've danced, I ween,
To lilt which from my drone I blew.'
My Eppie waked, and soon she cried,
'Get up, Gudeman, and let him in;
For weel ye ken the Winter night
Was short when he began his din.'

"My Eppie's voice, I vow it's sweet,
Even though she bans and scalds a wee;
But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale,
O, haith, it's doubly dear to me.
'Come in, auld carle, I'll steer my fire,
I'll make it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your blaid is thin, ye've tint the gate,
Ye should na stray sae far frae hame.'"

It is anonymous. "Who is the author?"
asked Kit North. "It is not mine," said
Burns; "I would give ten pounds it were."

The fine picture of a Snow Storm, by Ralph
Waldo Emerson, may be new to many of our
readers. Mark the gracefulness of the fanci-
ful allusion to the Parian wreaths hung by the
savage artificer:

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.

* * * Come see the North wind's masonry,
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with, till the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions, with projected roof,
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door,
Speeding the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage—nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work,
And when his hours are number'd, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonish'd Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
The frolic architecture of the snow."

In what contrast with this playful frolic,
yet fanciful labor of the snow—

"—— a day and night's
Incessant and continuous application,"
is Milton's stern, solemn, and grand descrip-
tion of the same phenomenon of nature. The
one paints Nature's kindliness, the other her
fearful, meaning terrors:

"Beyond this flood * a frozen continent
Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which, on firm land,
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile, or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damicata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk."

Or, from Shelley,

"Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears, still, snowy and serene—
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile round it, ice and rock."

To turn from the sublime and terrible, to
the light and graceful. Who does not remem-
ber Spencer's dainty verses on snow, or hear
frost bristling in the branches of a tree?—

"As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead."

* The river or Sea of Oblivion.

Note the darkness of the prominent object in the landscape, when put into comparison with all else so white and glistening. Here is a similar picture :

"The foodless wilds
Pour forth their *brown* inhabitants."

The very color of the only thing that moves, is made to give stronger character to the abounding whiteness, which is so motionless and still. As old Christopher says, that one word proves the poet.

The perfectly fanciful and grotesque is beautifully illustrated in Ralph Hoyt's fine poem, "Snow." We make use of so much of it only as is in accordance with the plan of our essay :

"'Tis Winter, yet there is no sound
Along the air,
Of winds upon the battle ground ;
But gently there
The snow is falling all around,
How fair, how fair.

The jocund fields would masquerade,
Fantastic scene !
Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade
Have cast their green,
And joined the revel, all arrayed
So white and clean.

E'en the old posts, that hold the bars,
And the old gate,
Forgetful of their Wintry wars,
And age sedate,
High cap'd and plumed, like white hussars,
Stand there in state.

This stanza is perfect throughout. And its felicity and fancy are only equalled by its fidelity to nature.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,
The eaves, the door ;
The hay-stack has become a hill ;
All cover'd o'er
The wagon, loaded for the mill
The eve before.

Maria brings the water pail,
But where's the well !
Like magic of a fairy tale,
Most strange to tell,
All vanish'd, curb, and crank, and rail ;
How deep it fell !

The wood-pile, too, is playing hide ;
The axe, the log,
The kennel of that friend so tried,
The old watch dog,
The grindstone standing by its side,
All now *inveig*.

Old chanticleer looks out aghast
From his high shed ;
No spot to scratch him a repast ;
Up curves his head,
Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,
And back to bed.

Good Ruth has call'd the younker folk
To dress below ;
Full welcome was the word she spoke ;
Down, down they go ;
The cottage quietude is broke,
The snow ! the snow !

The fantastic shapes into which the snow forms itself, and the glittering pinnacles and columns which water builds in congealing, have suggested, time out of mind, that brilliant fabric which has crossed the vision of most poets, the Snow Palace. Does not the Kubla Khan—O, rare and radiant fabric—steal gorgeously before the reader's imagination ?—

"It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure dome with cauls of ice."

And Cowper's fairy Palace, if not as imaginative as Coleridge's, is hardly less magnificent ;

"*Silently as a dream the fabric rose ;*
No sound of hammer or of saw was there."

Something, however, less rough than an enumeration of builder's tools might have been equally suggestive in that verse ; it mars the soft beauty of the preceding.

"Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumin'd every side ; a watery light
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that
seem'd

Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
From Heav'n to earth, of lambent flame serene ;
So stood the brittle prodigy ; though smooth
And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound,
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal residence might well befit,
For grandeur or for use."

To describe the process of water changing into ice, is a difficult task even for the poet's pen. Success in the trial, says Professor Wilson, is enough to prove the poet. A line—two words—may break the secret to the world who is indeed a true child of the Muse. In how few words does Burns picture to our eyes moonlight water undergoing an icy change !

"The chilly frost, beneath the sunny beam,
Crest gently crusting o'er the glittering stream."

Exquisite. And Thomson does it with an almost finer spirit of perception—or concep-

tion—or memory—or whatever else you choose to call it; for our part, (we are quoting Willson again) we call it genius:

"An icy gale, oft shifting o'er the pool,
Breathes a blue film, and in its mad career
Arrests the bickering stream."

And afterwards, having frozen the entire stream into a "crystal pavement," how gloriously doth he conclude thus:

"The whole imprison'd river growls below."

What a contrast with this image, its vehemence, force, is the quiet and peaceful picture of the same idea, by the gentle Cowper; he delighting, for the most part, "in tranquil images—for his life was passed amidst tranquil nature; the enthusiastic Thomson, more pleased with images of power,"

"On the flood,
Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight
Lies undissolv'd, while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away."

Both are perfect; so like in kind, and yet so different in execution and effect.

Every reader has hoarded away in his memory that exquisite Winter scene with which Keats opens "The Eve of St. Agnes:—"

"St. Agnes' Eve—ah! bitter chill it was;
The owl, for all his feathers, was a cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold."

Though the loving commentary of Leigh Hunt is inseparable from the scene and the poem, in every reader's memory, we shall not repeat it, except to reiterate what he says of the "complete feeling of Winter time," which the picture suggests; the warm and comfortable image of the owl, the better contradicting the coldness of the season, yet "shivering in spite of his natural household warmth;" the piteousness of the limping hare, and the patience of the silent flock. The whole poem abounds in these Winter elegancies, all of which, however, are clustered within the Baron's Palace, and not out doors in the landscape, where, only, we have to do with them.

Wordsworth's "Winter Evening," one of the happiest pictures the Sweet Poet of Nature ever painted, must not be forgotten here:

"— In the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons—happy time
It was, indeed, for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture! Shod with steel,

We hiss'd along the polish'd ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase,
And woodland pleasures—the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees, and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron, while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away."

Where there is so much perfection, it is not a difficult matter to detect beauties peeping from every verse. But let the reader note, for one example, the nice balancing of the beginning and close of the next to the final verse,

"Eastward were sparkling clear, while in the West,"

and then the final close, so instinct with the very charm and quiet rapture of a clear Winter twilight—

"The orange sky of evening fades away."

Fit companion for the "Winter Evening" of Wordsworth, is the "Winter Evening" of our own Philadelphia poet—Buchanan Read. It were "a curious piece of work enough," to run a parallel between the twain, and thus illustrate "mental processes so similar in dissimilitude." Hear Read: (here read)

"Robed like an abbess,
The sunny earth lies,
While the red sundown
Fades out of the skies.
Up walks the evening,
Veiled like a nun,
Telling her starry beads
One by one.

"Where like the billows
The shadowy hills lie,
Like a mast the great pine swings
Against the bright sky.
Down in the valley
The distant lights quiver,
Gilding the hard-frozen
Face of the river.

"When o'er the hill-tops
The moon pours her ray,
Like shadows the skaters
Skirr wildly away;
Whirling and gliding,
Like Summer-cloud's fleet,
They flash the white lightning
From glittering feet.

"The icicles hang
On the front of the falls,
Like mute horns of silver
Hung over dark walls;
Horns that the *wild huntsman*,
Spring, shall awake,
Down flinging the loud blast
Toward river and lake."

Could there be sweeter melody, greater exuberance of fancy, or a more playful, simple—though earnest—sympathy with Nature? And if Wordsworth claims superiority, can it be for anything else than a more august maturity, and sublimity of sentiment? How beautiful the image,

"The icicles hang
On the front of the falls!"

and how different from Coleridge's equally beautiful,

"Silent icicles
Quietly shining to the quiet moon."

Worthy to conclude our Gallery of Winter

Landscape Pictures, is a fine passage from Alfred B. Street's poem, "Pale Concluding Winter:"

"—Lo! the dazzling picture! Every tree
Seems carved from steel; the silent hills are helm'd,
And the broad fields have breastplates. Over all
The sunshine flashes in a keen, white blaze
Of splendor, searing eyesight. Go abroad!
The branches yield crisp cracklings, now and then
Sending a shower of rattling diamonds down
On the *mail'd* earth, as freshens the light wind.
The hemlock is a stooping bower of ice,
And the oak seems as though a fairy's wand
Had, the past night, transform'd its skeleton frame
To a rich structure, *trembling o'er with tints*
Of rainbow beauty.

—Shrub and rock

Are carved in pearl; and the dense thicket shows
Clusters of purest ivory. Yon bridge
Bristles with icicles. And all the scene
By Winter's sudden alchemy is changed
To brightest gleaming steel and sparkling silver."

THREE SPIRITED GIRLS.

Two young women, well educated and refined, were left orphans, their father dying just when his business promised to realize a handsome provision for his family. It was essentially a man's business, in many points of view decidedly an unpleasant one. Of course, friends thought "the girls" must give it up, go out as governesses, depend on relatives, or live in what genteel poverty the sale of the good-will might allow. But the girls were wiser. They argued: "If we had been boys, it would have been all right; we should have carried on the business, and provided for our mother and the whole family. Being women, we'll try it still. It is nothing wrong; it is simply disagreeable. It needs common sense, activity, diligence, and self-dependence. We have all these, and what we have not we will learn. So these sensible and well educated young women laid aside their pretty uselessness, and pleasant idleness, and set to work. Happily, the trade was one that required no personal publicity; but they had to keep the books, manage the stock, choose and superintend fit agents—to do things difficult, not to say distasteful to most women, and resign enjoyments that, to women of their refinement, must have cost daily self-denial. Yet they did it; they filled their father's place, sustained their delicate mother in ease

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and luxury, never once compromising their womanhood by their work, but rather ennobling the work by their doing of it.

Another case, different, and yet alike. A young girl, an elder sister, had to receive, for stepmother, a woman who ought never to have been any honest man's wife. Not waiting to be turned out of her father's house, she did a most daring and "improper" thing; she left it, taking with her the brothers and sisters, whom, by this means only, she believed she could save from harm. She settled them in a London lodging, and worked for them as a daily governess. "Heaven helps those who help themselves." From that day this girl never was dependent upon any human being, while, during a long life, she has helped and protected more than I could count—pupils and pupils' children, friends and their children, besides brothers and sisters-in-law, nephews and nieces, down to the slenderest tie of blood, or even mere strangers. And yet she has never been anything but a poor governess, always independent, always able to assist others—because she never was, and never will be indebted to any one, except for love, while she lives, and for a grave when she dies. May she long possess the one, and want the other!—*A Woman's Thoughts about Woman.*

MY HUSBAND'S AUNT.

BY CARRIE CARRAWAY.

LETTER III.

DEAR LIZZIE:

I promised you a ludicrous incident, and having a moment to spare, I will send it to you.

Last Thursday evening Charlie and I went to the theatre. Of course it was late when we opened the door, on our return, and we expected to find the household abed. Aunt Jemmy met us in the entry.

"Hush!" said she, holding up her finger, "he's asleep."

"Who?"

"Come into the parlor," said she, "and I'll tell you all about it. You see I was a sittin' here a kalklatin' that it was e'en amost bed time, when there cum the tarnalest ringin' at that front door bell, and I concluded I'd see who was thar. So I opened the door, and there was a man a sittin' on the steps, with his head agin the side o' the door, and sez I, 'what d'ye want?' Well, the poor feller, he was so sick he couldn't answer me a mite, and he stood up, and he couldn't stand straight, and I spects he felt as I did in that joggy boat. 'Cum in,' sez I.

"Well, he cum in, and he sat down on the cheer in the entry, and oh my, Charlie, how sick he did look. His hair was all blowzed, and his eyes was wild, and his cheek was red, and he looked for all the world like poor Evergreen did when he had the belligerent fever. Sez I, 'are you sick?'

"Well, he was a furriner, and he talked some kind of gibblish, and then the fever, I s'pose, made him wild, and he tuk on orful, and the gals was abed, and I asked him where he was going to-night, and then he began to cry, and axed if he mightent stay here. Sez I, 'where do you live?'

"Well, Charlie, he sed some more funny stuff, and I know he was beggin' to stay here. So I thought I'd put him in the spare room to-night."

"My beautiful little spare room," said I, starting up.

"Now, don't git rantankerous, C'line," said Aunt, "he ain't there. He started to go up stairs, but he pitched about orful, and at last he went into your room, and got on the bed, and fell asleep. I'm so glad he's asleep.

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Now, Charlie, won't you go up and doctor him."

Charlie and I were already on our way up stairs. There, on my pretty bed, with his dirty boots on my snowy Marseilles quilt, lay a large man asleep, snoring. Oh, Lizzie, how he did snore!

Charlie sprang at him, and pushed him up on his feet, on the floor.

"What the thunder's to pay?" he muttered, in a stupid, half asleep way.

"You drunken scoundrel," Charlie began.

"Drunken scoundrel yourself," growled the man; "what you come up here, waking me up for, say?"

I did not wonder that Aunt Jemmy mistook him for a foreigner, for his speech was so thick and confused, that it was difficult to understand one word of it. He was pitching about, too, in the funniest way.

"Come," said Charlie, "march! we don't want you here."

"March yourself," was the reply. "What the mischief you come routing me out o' bed this way for, say? Want to fight?"

Charlie tried to turn him out, but the intruder was twice Charlie's size. He was the tallest and strongest looking man I ever saw, and he was so much intoxicated that whenever Charlie pushed him towards the door, he contrived to pitch the other way. Once he fell against me, once he upset my work table, with the basket, and the spools of cotton rolled in every direction. It was too funny to see him try to pick them up. He came down at last upon his face, and Charlie seized him by the feet, to drag him out of the room. His boots must have been too large, for an instant later, Charlie stood, the picture of amazement, with a huge boot in each hand.

Then the man began to swear in the most shocking manner.

"Aunt," said Charlie, "you invited this drunken beast in here. I wish you'd send him out."

"Man," said Aunt, solemnly, approaching the prostrate intruder, "get out! Ain't you ashamed o' yourself, makin' me sympathy with you, cause I thought you was sick, and you drunk!"

"Aunt," said the man, "your name Aunt;

well, give us another gingerbread, and hang the expense."

As our foe seemed utterly unable to rise, Charlie left us, to go to the door and call a policeman. He soon returned with two powerful looking men, with stars on their breasts, who raised the intruder, and carried him away, boots and all.

Aunt Jemmy was so mortified at her mistake, that we refrained from quizzing her about it.

Last week I thought I would try to make Charlie some cake, such as he had expressed a decided taste for in his courting days. After it was safely on the fire, I went up stairs, leaving the oven door closed, and the range in good order.

Pretty soon Auntie came into my room, her face and hands black with coal dust, and her dress in a state of dreadful disorder.

"What have you been doing," I cried.

"Rakin' out the fire," was the reply. That gal, Lizzy, left a roaring fire here in the afternoon, when there's nothing to do but bile the kettle fur tea, and I raked it amost out. It's easy kindled up, and it's ruinationary strava-gant to have sich a great fire agoing all the whole time."

"My cake!" I cried, running down stairs. Alas, coal dust disfigured the top, and my cake was ruined. I was tempted to scold, but refrained, and gently hinted to Eliza to be more watchful in future.

"C'line," said Aunt Jemima, one evening, coming to my door, "where's Charlie?"

"Gone out."

"C'line," said she, in a low voice, "there's a man in the parlor."

"A man!"

"Yes," said she, solemnly, "I've locked him in. He's on the sofy. He ain't after no good, or he'd a ringed the bell."

"Go down and ask him what he wants," I suggested.

"No," said she, "I've sent for the perlice, just as Charlie did the tother time."

"Oh, nonsense," I said, "give me the key. It is too early in the evening for a thief."

"No; Lizzy's gone for the perlice. There they is!"

There was a heavy tread in the entry, and snatching away the key, I ran down stairs. I apologized to the officer for having troubled him, unlocked the door, went in, lit the gas, and found on the sofa Charlie fast asleep."

The laugh I gave awoke him, and we had a hearty laughing chorus at Auntie's expense.

Her next mistake, however, was rather an expensive one. One afternoon she came into the office where Charlie and I were seated, and said,

"What did you want of your great coat?"

"My great coat?"

"Yes; and your dress coat, and the umbrella, and hat, and the cloak you wear in rainy weather!"

"Want with them?" cried Charlie.

"Yes; there was a man come here for them this morning."

"Did you let him take them?" said Charlie.

"Sartain!"

Poor Aunt Jemima had been made the victim of an expert entry thief.

It is impossible to prevent her going to the door. Sometimes I hear the most amusing conversations between her and the different pedlars who come to the door.

A few days ago, I heard her inquire affectionately after the family of the butcher, and express a lively interest in the account the rascal, who is about twenty, gave her of his six little children. The fellow went down the street with his face on a broad grin.

She opened the door one afternoon for a friend of Charlie's, a wealthy, influential patient, who has an impediment in his speech.

"Dr. id," said Mr. G.

"No, he ain't."

"When a he be id."

"Never for you. Go away. I've been tricked once, and you can't cum in."

"Why, womad, what do you mead."

"Who on airth are you calling a woman, I'd like to know. We don't want your likes about. We've had enough of you, so just clare out."

Mr. G. forced his way into the office, and in about ten minutes Aunt Jemima came in with a police officer. We have a station house within half a square, Lizzie dear, and she has learned the way to it.

"There," said Aunt Jemmy, "take that man away, he's drunk."

Mr. G. stared, and at that moment Charlie came in. After dismissing the officer, he turned to Mr. G. and Auntie for an explanation.

"I couldn't help it, Charlie," said Mrs. E. "he would cum in, and so I did just as you did afore, went for the perlice."

Mr. G. was furious, and in attempting to explain to Charlie, stammered, stuttered, and

made such a terrible fuss over the words, that Aunty exclaimed, triumphantly.

"There! I said he was drunk. Don't he talk for all the world like the tother one."

It was a long time before Mr. G. was appeased, but at last he concluded, as Aunty

says, that as Charlie could not well be blamed, he would forgive the offence.

I hear loud voices in the kitchen. Lizzy and Aunty are in trouble, so I must say good bye, and go down to "keep the peace."

Adieu,
CARRIE.

THE THREE CROWNS.

BY LILIAS M—.

I SAW a girl with fair, sweet face,
And slender form of fairy grace;
Her heart was fraught with youth's bright dreams,
Which, prism-like, gave changeful gleams,
Till heart, and hopes, and future life,
With richest rainbow tints seemed rife;
She twined, of sweetest roses red,
A fragrant wreath to deck her head,
Then, sportive, flung it in the stream
To see the foam-dew o'er it gleam;
The maiden's brow bore youth's fair crown
Of wavy, clustering tresses brown.

Swift years flew by—an aged dame
Sat bending o'er the flickering flame,
Whose light fell on her furrowed face,
And showed each wrinkle's care-worn trace;

Her eyes were dim—her trembling hands
Sought warmth, in vain, from glowing brands;
'Mid heavy woes and grief-wrung tears,
She'd prayed for aid through many years,
Till on her forehead, withered, brown,
Old age had set a silvery crown.

Days passed—beside a grave I bowed,
O'er which the snow had cast a shroud;
I thought not of the maiden fair,
Nor of the matron, bent with care,
Whose worn, and weary, trembling form
No more should feel the chilling storm;
From my dim sight the veil was riven,
And 'mid the angel throng in Heaven,
I saw a white-robed saint cast down
Before the throne a golden crown!

"GOD'S WILL BE DONE."

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

God's will be done! 'Tis a strong, free cry
For the battle fields of life,
A prayer when the tempest passes by,
A shout in the raging strife.

'Tis a shield that Pain's darts cannot break,
A strong and most potent rod;
Smiting the "Red Seas" life's sorrows make,
That we may "pass through dry-shod."

'Tis a staff that burdens cannot bend,
In paths that are strewn with thorns;
A "pillar of fire by night" it stands,
Pointing to glorious morns.

God's will be done! Thou mayst gather gold
In the burning desert-sands,
Love may be held in thy heart's close fold,
By strongest and truest bands;

But let the wild waves of sorrow break
Around thee on Life's dark sea,
And love nor gold, in thy heart, can make
The strength that these words can be.

Write them, then, upon your banner's fold;
Keep them till you cross the sea,
"Singing as Miriam," will it be told
On the shores of Eternity.

Charlotte Centre, N. Y.

WAIT AND SEE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"But a true Poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the 'Eternal melodies,' is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation."—CARLYLE.

CHAPTER IX.

A YEAR and a half are gone by. One afternoon in early November, Jessie Rowe comes again out of the grey-brown house. She pauses a moment as she reaches the gate, now a very tasteful one, of rough pine branches, and set in between the old stone walls, which have been carefully mended, and the whole has a very picturesque effect. It is the time of the Indian Summer—that beautiful post-script of the year—the grand epic of the seasons!

Jessie Rowe stands still, and looks at the house. A woodbine trails over its face, and its highest branches have taken hold of the steep roof. The blossoms that string the vine every Summer with jewels of Topaz, are all gone now, but the frost has flushed the whole into what seems a great pyre of flame, that flashes in and out on that soft, moaning wind.

The little walk is flaked on either side with borders of flowers, tastefully fringed with sea-shells, and here rare variegated dahlias, of crimson, and white, and purple, open their regal bosoms to the sunshine. The other flowers, that make, through all the Summer, so fair a painting of the little yard, are gone; but the grass is soft, and green, and scarcely touched by the frost; and looking at that front yard, you feel in the old brown house behind it there dwells a life that is not all blank and sterile, that is billowed by the love and the joy of beauty.

These last eighteen months have altered Jessie Rowe. Her form has gained something of life and grace, though it is still small and slight. The face, too, is a little fuller, and the dark rings around the eyes are gone, still it will always be a face pale and oval, with long, thin features, and eyes with lights and shadows in them—and a face never handsome, and to most people looked up—but yet, a face of which might be written what seems to me the most beautiful thing that was ever written of the face of woman. "I saw that eye and lip, and every shifting lineament were made for love, unconscious of their sweet office as

yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion."

Jessie Rowe walks slowly down the path which leads to the brick house, enjoying the voices and beauty about her. Her face wears the old, wistful, half child-like expression, which will always give it a look of youth.

The girl's soul is full of pleasant thoughts, and her lips wear a sweetness which is not quite a smile.

She is still a teacher in the Academy, though her salary is now advanced to three dollars a week. She has written, during this time, a few stories for magazines and papers, which have brought her fifty more. But she is still much engaged with her school duties, and the time for fervid utterance has not yet come with her. Her home, too, has brightened a little. Hezekiah Sage, in the Spring, took a fancy to go to sea, and nobody much lamented his absence. Simeon has taken to a joiner's trade, and as he boards at home, and furnishes the table with all kinds of sea food, on which the family mostly subsist, Mrs. Rowe does not greatly lament the falling off in the "pie custom."

"Oh, Jessie, I'm so glad to see you! Come right into the parlor. I want to introduce you to my company."

This was Abbie Sear's first greeting, as she came out on the front steps with a face so fair and bright it did one good to look at it.

City life had greatly improved Abbie, for she went over, every Spring and Fall, to work at her trade; and Jessie could not but look with admiration on the friend of her childhood, as she stood there in the delicate blue barege, that set off her pure complexion, her bare, white arms, and snowy shoulders. There was, too, a light, natural grace about all Abbie's motions, which much increased her attractions, and the pretty milliner was fully aware of these things.

"Oh, I'm so sorry you've got company, Abbie —"

"Now, don't you open your lips, Jessie Rowe!" pushing her into the hall with the old child-like imperativeness.

A gentleman rose from his seat by the window, and shook hands with Jessie Rowe; a stately, rather pompous, well-preserved gentleman, who looked to the girl as though he would never see his fiftieth birthday again, though the finest of broadcloth, and hair rather suspiciously black, might considerably deceive as to his real age.

Jessie was naturally diffident, but Mr. Rutledge, despite his stateliness, had a kind, affable bearing, that soon placed her at her ease. He was quite intelligent, too, and she grew interested in his conversation, for Mr. Rutledge possessed much general knowledge of the world.

Abbie was a light, easy talker, with a vein of wit and good humor speaking through all her conversation, which made her very entertaining. But there was a look of deference and admiration in Mr. Rutledge's manner toward Abbie, which greatly puzzled Jessie, and his persistence in paying his pretty hostess all manner of compliments, was not quite pleasing to Jessie, though he was not sparing of these to herself, affirming that it afforded him unspeakable pleasure to meet Abbie's friend, of whom he had heard so much.

At last they went out to tea, and Mr. Rutledge exerted himself to make an especially favorable impression on Mrs. Sears, who had donned her black silk, and best china for the occasion.

After tea, Mr. Sears escorted the ladies and his guest to the top of the Tower, and on their descent, the latter stated that he must leave at once, as business summoned him to the city that evening; a fact which he greatly regretted.

"Well, what do you think of him?" was Abbie's eager inquiry, as soon as her father's wagon had rolled off to the stage with Mr. Rutledge.

"I like him; he's a pleasant gentleman. Who is he, Abbie?"

"Oh, he's as rich as a Jew, with nearly half a million, they say; and he's got the most magnificent carriage, and span of horses, and he lives in the most magnificent style; boards at the Astor House, and spends a great deal of his time in traveling."

"Where did you get acquainted with him?"

"At Mrs. Phillips'. You see, he came up to New Haven at Commencement, but the hotels

were so filled they couldn't accommodate him, and he went to Mrs. Phillips'; you know she always takes a few boarders at that time, and I'd agreed to pass two or three days with her daughter Julia."

"But what is he doing out here?"

"Why, he came to see me, if you please."

"But what does he want of you, Abbie?"

Abbie raised her eyes with arch mysteriousness, though her color deepened a little.

"Now, Abbie, you won't have any secrets from me!"

"Well, he looked at me, almost constantly, the first day we met at dinner, and in the afternoon he invited Julia and me to ride out. We had a delightful time, and he was so polite to me—you can't imagine. He expected to leave the day after Commencement, but he remained two more, and we went to ride twice every day—and as he heard I was to return home this morning, he insisted upon accompanying me. But I wanted to get home first, and have things in readiness for him, so I came over in Mr. Jones's milk wagon."

"Abbie," her eyes fastened sorrowfully on her friend, "has this gentleman asked you to be his wife?"

"No;" looking embarrassed; "but they all think he's desperately in love, at Mrs. Phillips'. Just think of it, Jessie, and he's so rich."

"But he's as old as your father—you wouldn't have him, Abbie?"

"I'm not certain of that," a little sharply.

"Just think, Jessie Rowe, where I should place myself. I should be the mistress of one of the handsomest palaces in New York city, and have it furnished superbly, and you don't know how I love elegance and splendor, and to have beauty about me. Then I'd have servants to wait upon me, a carriage at my orders, and such dresses—and oh, Jessie, wouldn't I do the honors of that home elegantly?"

And she rose up, and walked the little parlor with almost the bearing of a queen.

Jessie gazed at her friend in sad surprise. "But, Abbie, to be an old man's wife! to marry him without love——"

All the fine instincts of Jessie's soul recoiled at this thought.

"Well, I wonder if that's worse than being a milliner, and wearing away my youth in earning my clothes, and to live here in this little bore of a house;" and she glanced contemptuously around the small apartment. "I want to see something, to enjoy my life, and not nope it away after this miserable

fashion. I am sick of being poor, Jessie, and I want to raise myself up, for I am too good for such an existence."

"But, Abbie, a woman must not sacrifice herself for splendor—she must not sell her affections for money!"

"There! that sounds just like a novel, Jessie, and it'll appear very pretty in a story; but when you come to real life, it's a different thing."

"But you don't *love* this Mr. Rutledge, Abbie?"

"Well, what if I don't—exactly? I like him, and as for loving, I guess it's a great piece of nonsense, any way, only fit for stories, and romantic sort of bodies, like you, Jessie Rowe. I'm sure I never loved any man."

And here Abbie Sears spoke the truth. The deep currents of her affections lay unstirred in her soul. If the girl had had any experimental knowledge of a woman's love, she would probably have acted differently.

Jessie did not reply to her companion, for Mrs. Sears' entrance interrupted the conversation; but she saw the mother was much flattered with the attentions shown to her daughter, and that Abbie would meet with no opposition here.

But as Jessie walked home that night with Stephen Sears, she could not help saying, earnestly, to him, "You will look out for Abbie, Stephen? You will not let your sister sacrifice herself?"

He seemed surprised. "Mr. Rutledge is a man of high standing, and very rich, Jessie."

"I presume so; but he is almost old enough to be Abbie's grandfather."

"I wish there wasn't so much difference in their ages, that's a fact; and I'll talk to Abbie, but I don't s'pose it'll do much good, for she's as set as the hills, when once she's made up her mind."

It was mid-Winter before the friends met again, for Jessie was summoned the next day to attend a quilting party at Mrs. Price's, and Abbie went into the city before she returned home. The next Jessie heard of her friend, she was in New York, visiting some friends of Mrs. Phillips'; for that lady and her daughter were quite won over by Mr. Rutledge, and did all in their power to throw the old man and the young girl together.

Jessie's heart yearned over her friend, but she feared any advice from her might seem intrusive, and so she waited impatiently for Abbie's return, which was deferred from week to week.

At last, however, she came, accompanied by Mr. Rutledge, and hastened up to Jessie's the morning after her return. As she threw aside her shawl, the girl caught sight of a ring set with a solitary diamond, which sparkled on the third finger of Abbie's left hand. It told all she had feared.

"Oh, Abbie, Abbie!" she pointed to the ring, and burst into tears.

"Now, see here, Jessie, you little goose, what are you crying about? I'm just as happy as I can be. I've had the most glorious time in New York, and I'm going to marry one of the richest men there, and one who loves me to distraction, and whom I love, that is, probably as well as I ever could love anybody; while you, here, are crying as if you were coming to my funeral, instead of to my bridal."

"Forgive me, Abbie; but you know —"

"I know you've got a crochet in your romantic little cranium, that I'm going to throw myself away, because there happens to be over thirty years' seniority on the part of the happy bridegroom."

"Just as if it didn't need somebody of mature age and experience, to take charge of such a rattle-brained body!"

Jessie saw it would be of no use to reason with her friend, that she was enamored of wealth and splendor, but her heart ached as she asked, "When does — this take place, Abbie?"

"In the Spring," warming her hands over the grate, in the back room. "You see, we are to go to Europe, and stay until a year from the next Fall, while our house is building, and I am to have the best French and music teachers that Paris affords, and to be generally polished up for my new position. Of one thing I am determined, my husband shall be proud of me. Then, when we return, you are to come and pass your Winters always with us in New York!"

"Oh, Abbie, how kind you are!"

"Yes; every one. You know, Jessie, I couldn't get along, anyhow, without you to scold at. Now, won't you consent, little girl, to be my bridesmaid, about the first of next May?"

And so the young friends sat together, and one of them talked joyfully and proudly of the future before her, and at last she rose to go, saying, "Mr. Rutledge will send up a splendid piano to-morrow, and I am to have a teacher from the city twice a week. He says all I need, to excel in music, is to have my

voice cultivated. There's a whole box full of books for you, up to the house; Mr. Rutledge sent them, and he was very sorry to go without seeing you. But he'll be up week after next. Why, Jessie, it seems to me you're greatly fixed up here," looking round the apartment for the first time.

"Somewhat; I got Sim to paint the room last Fall, and I bought those white and green hangings, and the buff curtains, and had this little grate put in, so we could sit here nicely this Winter, and the whole didn't cost me ten dollars. Then, Mrs. Price gave me this pretty striped carpet. It belonged to her husband's mother."

"Why, Jessie, there's a great deal more tact and ingenuity in you than I ever supposed."

Upon further acquaintance with Nathan Rutledge, Jessie did not greatly change her opinion of that gentleman. He was always very polite to herself, and completely fascinated by his betrothed. He showered elegant presents upon her, and the family was evidently much gratified with the engagement. Stephen did, however, attempt to expostulate once, but Abbie was affronted, and quite plainly intimated that her affairs were none of the young gentleman's business, so he informed Jessie he'd made up his mind never to open his lips on the subject again.

It was just at the commencement of the Spring vacation that Abbie was to be married, and Jessie had given her consent to be Abbie's bridesmaid. The newly-married pair were to leave at once for Europe, and Mr. Rutledge sent up beautiful patterns of white-watered silk to both of the girls, for the occasion.

Jessie passed with Abbie the night before her bridal. The weeks previous had been for the bride elect so filled with bustle, hurry, and expectation, that she had very little time or disposition for serious reflection; but now, as she entered the little chamber where she and Jessie had so often passed the night together in their childhood, softer memories stole over her heart. She went to the window, and called Jessie to her side—the soft May moonlight lay all over the earth; the blue, far-stretching sea moaned up softly on the sands, and over all looked the stars, steadfast and holy.

"Ah, Jessie!" exclaimed Abbie, now completely subdued, "it don't seem as if all this could be true, does it—that to-morrow I'm going away from all these things, to take up a

new, strange life, in a strange land! I almost wish I was little Abbie Sears, churning the butter again, or gathering shells by the sea shore, or running down to the old brown house with Steve, to have a chat with Jessie Rowe. I know I shall be the bride of a rich man, and that everybody'll envy me, (unless it's you, Jessie) for I'm going out from my little home to splendor and luxury—but it seems as though I should look back sometimes, to the old place, and the dear old days, and wish, as I said, I was only little Abbie Sears again!"

And here both the girls cried still, standing in the moonlight, by the window which looked out on the sea.

At last they heard the church clock strike one. "There, Abbie, we must go to bed, for it's so late, and you'll have to be up early to-morrow."

"Well, Jessie, darling, remember, wherever I am, or whatever I shall be, my heart will always beat the same for you; and you'll never forget our old love, nor the evening long ago that we exchanged those locks of hair on the steps?"

"Never, Abbie, God be my witness, never!"

And so, in a little while, the girls laid down in each other's arms, and fell asleep; but there was a great heaviness which she dared not speak, and could not explain, in the heart of Jessie Rowe that night.

The next morning the ceremony was performed that gave the youth, and life, and beauty of Abbie Sears into the arms of the old man who had won her with his wealth. Bought and sold, and yet she knew it not, as she stood there before the grey old village altar, in her fresh maiden bloom, and murmured the vows that might yet become chains, heavy and galling to her soul.

Stephen and Jessie "stood up" with the pair, but the latter was white as her dress, for a great fear and foreboding for her friend followed her to the altar.

They all returned home, and for the next two hours the house was crowded by old friends and neighbors of the bride's, who came to pay their congratulations to her. Then, the stately, pompous bridegroom bowed her into the carriage, and a fair face, drenched with tears behind its bridal laces, looked out of the window, and sent tremulous kisses to the mother, and Jessie Rowe, who stood by her side, and this was the last of Abbie Sears.

CHAPTER X.

Jessie tried to settle down to her books and writing, after Abbie's wedding was over, but somehow, it was very hard work. Her life lacked stimulus and variety, and there was little social nourishment for her in Beachwood, and the high soul within her began to chafe itself at the monotony of its life. May grew into June, and the Summer heats came on early that year, and Jessie's health and spirits failed under them. She was not able to resume her school duties when the term commenced. Indeed, her soul now was clamoring so loudly for broader scope, that she had, at the close of the term, resolved to relinquish her school duties, and devote her time entirely to her Work.

Situated, however, as she was, without friends, or acquaintance with publishers, it was a hard struggle to do this, though her stories met with remarkable acceptance and success; but those only who have served a long apprenticeship, know how great a work it is for a woman to make herself a name in Magazine literature.

Mrs. Price, however, was willing to wait any length of time for her money; indeed, it was with great difficulty Jessie had prevailed on her to accept fifty dollars, and this was only a third of the debt.

"I can manage to get a hundred dollars the first year, and that'll buy my books, and stationery, and clothes," murmured Jessie Rowe.

But, somehow, she didn't get on very well with her writing. A constant mental and physical lassitude oppressed her. Mrs. Price prescribed rest, and root beer, and bountifully furnished the latter, but somehow, it didn't rejuvenate Jessie Rowe!

Some excerpts from her Journal, which she commenced keeping about this time, may serve to show best her life, and frame of mind.

"June 19th, 184—

"Another day is going down to meet the night. How its feet burn along its blue pathway over the hills! I sit here, at my window, and long for something—I cannot tell what! some of the wine and elixir of existence; I need something to arouse and stimulate me. My very thoughts seem to stagnate for want of air, and I can't even write; my pen lays along my paper, and at last my nerveless fingers drop it there wearily.

"Life is a long burden to me. When I wake up in the morning, I shrink with terror from bearing it down the day. Yet, I do not

want to die in my first youth, before I have tasted the glow, or revelled in the high tides of existence. I should be ashamed to go into eternity with such an unproductive, barren life as mine, and say to God, 'Here is the talent done up in a napkin, which thou gavest me.'

"And surely He did not give me all these aspirations and yearnings vainly—not this solemn, high-enthroned assurance in my soul that I have a Work to do, and oh! reverently would I say it, for it was *His* words, 'how am I straightened till I accomplish it!'"

And through all these glimpses of inner life, the reader finds that religious element which was a part of Jessie's nature, and without which the loftiest Genius is a mistake and a failure.

A little later she writes,

"July 10th.

"The dead heats of the Summer are upon us, and the landscape throbs under them, this morning on which I write. It is worse and worse with me, and I am worn out with Grandma's fretting, which is just as natural to her as her breath, and means nothing, only it jars my nerves past all endurance. I just lost my temper this morning, and told her if she didn't stop, I should leave the house, which, of course, only tended to aggravate matters.

"Then, I don't enjoy my meals at all, on account of Sim's coarseness. I do so abhor vulgarity in word or manner; it pains, it tortures me, and I know I have a right to assert this God-given instinct of mine, that I have a right to loathe, and hate, and repel all manner of coarseness—not the actor, but the action.

"However, if I express my feelings, they, of course, fancy I am 'putting on airs.'

"I wonder if my fate always will be to have these warring, uncongenial surroundings. Sometimes I rise above them, and then I sink under them, and am weak, weak as the veriest little child!

"I can't write a letter to-day, and if it weren't for this great heat, I'd go over to Mrs. Price's. But there are always so many interruptions to my writing there, that I don't accomplish anything at her house, and I don't feel comfortable when the days go into the nights, taking no task with them.

"Beside, good, and kind, as Mrs. Price is, there's not in her society the friction and nourishment my soul hungers and thirsts for.

"I can't get hold of any good books, either.

The village taste is so vitiated, that they fill the library with all sorts of common novels, that have no lesson for me! I look forward, and see no change to this blank, stifling, miserable life, until Abbie returns, and that won't be in a year from next Fall.

"I'm sure I shan't be alive at that time, if the Future holds out to me nothing fairer than the Present. Soul and body will surely fail under this. Sometimes I wonder if I can help it—if I am to blame!"

No, Jessie Rowe, you are not "to blame!" that your soul walks through the valleys as well as upon the mountains; and if that Imagination which, in this world, must be alike your blessing and your curse, the Alembic that transmutes all things into hues of joy and beauty, the spirit that makes all sweet and beautiful melodies in your soul, is at other seasons a fiend, that darkens and distorts all things to your vision, and fills your soul with moans and discords, it is a part of your lot and portion.

But suddenly the life-tune changes, and there is a burst of joy and expectation.

"Aug. 8th.

"To think, it is all settled now, and I am really going to the 'White Mountains!' You see, I was at a tea drinking the other afternoon, at our minister's wife's, (she's paid me a good deal of attention, since she read that story of mine) and she was speaking of an excursion that was going to the Mountains next week. They have chartered cars, and go and return for twelve dollars.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "how I wish I could go!"

"Well, you can, Miss Rowe; my sister wants me to accompany her very much; but it's quite impossible this Summer, but I'll give you a letter of introduction to her, and I think you will be mutually pleased with each other."

"But I don't know a soul in New Hampshire."

"Neither does Mrs. Drew. But you can get board in the villages up there, for two dollars a week, and the stages go out every day. Now, my dear, I advise you to try it!"

"And I resolved, too, terrible a collapse as my purse will suffer in consequence, for I must have a new traveling dress, and Mrs. Price, who greatly approves my plan, has gone into town to-day to purchase it. Oh, I shall see the mountains! What an ecstasy of delight and anticipation this thought gives me."

There is a long blank in the Journal, the next entry being made early in September.

"Day before yesterday I returned home. How much I have lived, and what a bright epoch the last four weeks make in my life! I have seen 'Mount Washington,' though I did not attempt the ascent. But I stood face to face with it! It lifted its mighty forehead, it opened its lips, and spoke its solemn Message to my soul.

"Then I saw the 'Flume' cut in the heart of the mountains, with the everlasting moan of its waters, as they throb over the stones, the 'Basin' with the 'white garment of waves' pouring forever out of its granite lips, and 'Echo Lake,' a dimple of wondrous beauty on that rugged mountain picture, its blue waters locked in between the hills!

"I love New Hampshire. We boarded in a pleasant little farm house, and the people seemed to regret our leaving, quite as much as I did.

"The journey both ways was delightful; and I met some very interesting people at the mountains—particularly the Editor of —, who had read some of my stories, and promised to pay me twenty dollars for three of them. That is quite a little fortune for me.

"I feel, too, just like writing. The Autumn is always my golden harvest for this, and my health and spirits are, so much improved, I am full of life and hope, and when I contrast this with the long prostration of the Summer, I can't be thankful enough.

"They all seemed rejoiced to see me back, especially dear old Grandpa; but I see he is failing all the time. He is the only relative I have on earth to love; and I always put aside the thought that I cannot have him for many years more!

"Stephen Sears returned last night; he has been studying book-keeping in New York, and is now going to accept a situation in New Haven. How he has improved; his figure and manners are graceful, and he's really very good looking, and altogether, his old self softened and refined."

"October 10th.

"Oh, this weather, this delicious Autumn weather, which seems to always bring the earth nearer Heaven, and which bears from God its glorious message unto man, and this is, 'Peace.' My soul loves and exults in it. The tender depth of the sky, the dreamy beauty of the hills—the soft glow of the forest, where its forehead is flushed to shame for

the kisses of the frost, and the soft, soft wind that lifts the pages of my Journal with its playful fingers, all fill my soul with a joy unspeakable.

"The Autumn is my favorite season; the fairest of those four Pictures which the year paints on the canvas of time.

"Stephen comes over every two or three days. He brought me Carlyle's *Miscellanies* a week ago. He heard me say the Editor I met at the White Mountains had strongly recommended it to me. It is a grand book, with more of food and nourishment in its pages, than anything I ever read.

"Everything, almost, goes pleasant with me now-a-days. Last evening I received forty dollars for two long stories, so I feel 'rich as a queen' to-day. I hope my life will never go back into one of those eclipses, through which it passed last Summer!"

—
"Nov. 10th.

What a dull, disconsolate physiognomy the day does wear, one that belongs especially to November. It doesn't rain, but the sharp wind beats around the back of the house, and the tide comes in with a sullen roar; and I see Mr. Sears has gone up early to trim the Light, apprehending a bad night for sailors.

"I am so full of a project that suggested itself to me, day before yesterday, that I don't even mind the weather. Squire Parson called here to see about buying our land for an orchard, as he thinks the soil peculiarly adapted to the propagation of certain kinds of fruit trees. He offered us a hundred and seventy-five dollars—more probably than we should ever get again.

"It struck me that it was best to avail ourselves of this offer, and expend it in restoring the old house, for, as it is, I am thoroughly ashamed to invite any one to visit me. I promised to give the Squire an answer to-morrow; for Grandpa owns the land, and he'll do just as I say about it.

"Grandma demurred at first, but when I explained to her that it would greatly increase the value of the property, she acquiesced.

"I apprehended the most trouble with Sim, as he will have to take the hardest of the work on himself; but 'jinerin' has certainly awakened a sense of architectural beauty in that obtuse individual, for he at once fell in with my plan.

"We passed a whole evening discussing it. I wanted the house painted inside and out, with a graceful little portico, and two long

windows, and blinds in front. Sim insisted that the house would need clapboarding, and that the old oak frame was stronger than any folks put up now-a-days, if it had seen sixty years' wear, and that, as he should do most of the work, the house might be transformed into a neat little cottage for three hundred dollars.

"He very generously offered to raise twenty-five of this, and I am to find the other hundred.

"It looks like a heavy burden to take on my shoulders, or brains, rather; but as I can have two years for defraying the debt, I shall incur it.

"The vision of this little cottage haunts me by night and by day, and sometimes I am so impatient I long to throw down my pen, run out, and commence tearing down the old boards myself."

—
The pages of the Journal run on lightly with their stories of writing, and reading, and bright anticipation. The Winter opened pleasantly for Jessie; and, to Simeon Sage's everlasting honor, be it remembered that he toiled most faithfully at rejuvenating the old homestead.

Jessie was in raptures over every improvement, and Mrs. Rowe watched it with secret but real pride, and the Colonel rubbed his wrinkled hands over the fire, and talked (to the great vexation of his wife) as though he had all the wealth of the old Rowes to expend in architectural improvements, and went out on pleasant days to watch the progress of the work through his iron-bowed spectacles. Mrs. Price, too, brought her round little figure over two or three times a week, and all the neighbors affirmed that the Rowes were "growing proud and rich for certain." The new year was not a month old when the work was finished, and the rickety old yellow-brown house, was now a neat, unpretending cottage, with a small, gothic portico, and long, green blinds; and Jessie and Sim surveyed this work with different, but delighted satisfaction.

One afternoon in early February—but here Jessie must tell her own story again:

"Feb. 8th.

"Last night there came *such* a surprise! We had been having a heavy fall of snow, and I couldn't get out, and my spirits had been out of tune all day. Suddenly a sleigh, with merrily clanging bells, rushed up to the door, and looking out I saw Stephen Sears alighting.

"'Why, what in the world have you got there, Stephen!' was the inquiry with which

I greeted him at the front door, for he was bringing in a package almost as large as himself, with a great many foreign marks all over it.

"It's for you, Jessie. It came in the last steamer from Liverpool, which reached here yesterday, and I brought it right over at once; for I'm about as curious as you. But it's heavy enough in all conscience."

"He wouldn't allow me to help him bring it into the sitting-room, so I ran for the shears."

"We weren't long nipping the string and removing the wrappers. I stood dumb with admiration as it unrolled itself—that beautiful Brussels carpet, a russet vine filled with purple clusters, and golden-winged birds running on a groundwork of green—altogether the most exquisite thing in design and execution—in itself a painting."

"Then there were paper hangings—delicate and most beautiful—a gilt vine running through a white ground. There was, also, a small, but perfect marble Venus, and another of Diana, for the mantel, and in the hand of this latter a note from Abbie, saying that she must contribute her mite toward the new cottage, and she had fancied the articles she had selected in Paris would be suitable and acceptable. I just sat right down and cried. I couldn't help it, if Stephen was there, and I believe he was about as glad as I was."

"Dear, dear Abbie, my heart overflows now to think of her! How kind, how thoughtful it was; and I had been troubling myself a great deal about the old, faded furniture—it was so unsuited to the house; but now I can have the chairs and sofa rejuvenated by an upholsterer, and then I shall be more than satisfied."

"Mrs. Price and Mrs. Sears are coming over to-morrow to make the carpet, although I don't suppose we shall get it down until it's warm enough to clean house."

"I have engaged to go on a sleighing party to-night with Stephen. It is gotten up by the singing school, and they expect to have a grand time at the old South Road tavern, with a supper and games. I don't know how I shall stand it, for it doesn't agree with me to be broken of my rest; but I couldn't refuse Stephen, he's so kind to me, just like a brother."

"Feb. 11th.

"It seems like a dream, and it took me so by surprise that I must have behaved very strangely last night; but Stephen Sears actually proposed to me!

"It happened on this wise. We were returning home, and it must have been nearly two o'clock."

"Are you wrapped up warm in the buffalo skin, Jessie?"

"Very; thank you."

"Well, have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Yes; but after all, Stephen, I'm not fond of frolics of this kind. Maybe it's because I'm not strong enough to enter into them with much zeal; and I'm not certain but I should have enjoyed it just as well if we had passed the evening in our cozy little sitting-room, talking of the dear old days, and of Abbie."

"He bent down his head close to mine. 'Jessie, I should enjoy it best to pass all the evenings of my life so. Should you?'"

"I sat silent—thunderstruck."

"You understand me, Jessie?" His voice shook through the words.

"Yes, I do, Stephen. I should enjoy to pass them so, as brother and sister!"

"As nothing more, Jessie?"

"I cannot truthfully tell you I should, Stephen. You know how much I have always thought of you, and loved you, because you were Abbie's brother, and seemed almost like my own. As for that other love of which you speak, I cannot give it to you, because—forgive me—I do not possess it."

"Oh, Jessie, Jessie, say anything but this!" I saw what a pang the words cost him.

"If I could I would, Stephen. I never dreamed such a thing could happen. But I don't expect ever to really love anybody; and here I stopped a moment, wondering whether this was quite true, and if I honestly hoped it would be so; 'at least, there's no prospect of it at present, and, Stephen, for the sake of Abbie, and for the dear old times, we will forget this, and be friends just as before!'"

"I will try to, Jessie; but the sweet dream of my life is gone." He said the words as though they almost choked him; and then we were both silent, but my heart ached for him.

"I do not regret what I said. I could not marry Stephen Sears. I could never look up to him with the worshipful reverence which a wife owes to her husband—which I must bestow upon mine. He could never be my ideal—he lacks fibre of will, and breadth and scope of character. I know that in any great conjunction of trying circumstances, I should be the stronger of the two; and this knowledge of any man would be enough to make me always wretched, if he were my husband."

But Stephen is so kind, so good; and to think he loves me! It certainly draws out my heart toward him with sympathy and pity."

As the Spring comes out of the Winter, drenching the blank earth with rains, and beating it with storm, clothing every day with sullen, pallid clouds, without form or beauty, Jessie's life goes into an eclipse again. It was not so dark as that of the preceding year; for the present had more gifts, and the future was full of promises, and the fairest of these was the Winter in New York.

Then the rejected lover was a most persistent visitor, and gave a good deal of variety to Jessie's life; taking her on long rides, and supplying her with books; and all these things helped to sustain the girl's spirits.

Perhaps the attentions of Stephen were not in all respects well for either party. He did not renew his professions to Jessie; but his whole manner toward her indicated that the feelings which prompted them still remained. No woman can be altogether indifferent to the love of any man who is worthy to be called her friend; and Stephen Sears was a slender, good looking young man, with a pleasant countenance and agreeable manners. He was considered decidedly the best looking "beau" at the singing school, and all the girls envied Jessie Rowe. The thought of his lady sister had made him very ambitious, and he was resolved to be a merchant and a gentleman, though his ideal of this was entirely after the world's standard.

Then all Jessie's associations with him were pleasant ones. He always did her some good, from the time that he brought her shells and berries in her childhood, to those pleasant days when he came up from the city to take her out on long rides, which dissipated her gloom and animated her spirits.

Jessie always felt at home with Stephen, and, of course, the knowledge of his devotion gratified her self-love. She had not yet learned that a brother and sister regard is always a dangerous relation for a man and woman, when once a whisper of love has passed between them.

But Spring, at last, struck up her jubilee again; and the earth put on her new garments, and the heart of Jessie Rowe was glad. She resumed her work and carried it on bravely through all the Summer which followed, stimulated by the thought of the new and broader life that was to open upon her with the Fall;

for hers seemed sometimes to lie in heavy bonds under the roof of that little cottage by the sea shore.

Her correspondence, too, increased slowly, as now and then her words reached some heart that longed to know more of the young authoress who spoke them.

So the little bowed figure, at the window of the chamber that fronted the sea, kept steadily at work, intermitting it only for short visits to Mrs. Price.

Abbie's letters, too, were a great comfort, full of the new scenes and life amid which she was moving, and Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge were traveling now in Italy, having passed the Winter and Spring in Paris, and the early Summer in Germany. Social elevation had not quite spoiled Abbie Sears, though it had, of course, greatly improved her. Still, the old memories were in her heart when she wrote:

"You can't imagine, my precious, how, amid all these scenes, and this splendor, my thoughts wander back often to the time when you and I used to sit in the shadow of the old Light House, on the Summer afternoons, and listen to the soft beat of the waves on the shore. I wonder if your eyes, that were the color of nothing in the Heavens above, or in the earth beneath them, wear the old, far-away look, and if your head has the same droop forward that it used to.

"Oh, Jessie! Jessie! I long to get my eyes upon you, and my arms around you! I shall, too, before a great while, as my husband wishes to sail about the last of October, and we shall leave Rome, where I am so happy, in about a month, for Mr. Rutledge is anxious we should pass some weeks in London, but I am determined to love no land like Italy, no city like Rome!

"You say you have earned seventy-five dollars this Summer; Poor Jessie! Now, mind, you don't buy any dresses to come to New York, for I intend to have the entire supervising of your wardrobe, and you must hold yourself in readiness to come to me about the last of November."

The Rutledges did not, however, leave Europe quite so soon as they anticipated, and the Autumn had almost faded into Winter, before they reached their own shores. Mr. Rutledge would not hear of his wife returning home so late in the season, and she only waited a week to recover from the fatigues of her journey, and to see that her princely home was set in order, before she summoned Jessie.

Stephen had promised to accompany her, but the illness of his employer rendered this impossible. So, one fair, early Wipter's morning, the stage stopped at the little white cottage, and Jessie Rowe, taking a kindly adieu of her own family and Mrs. Price, (that little woman having come over the night before to pack her trunk) went out into the world alone!

CHAPTER XI.

"Jessie Rowe, is that you?" a voice clear and eager wound down the broad staircase, and was answered by another full of glad expectancy:

"Come and see!"

There was a rustle of silken garments, a flutter of feet on the stairs, and the mistress of that proud mansion sprang forward with a cry, and folded the little russet-robed figure in the front hall, to her heart: "Oh, Jessie, I am glad to see you!"

And if Jessie Rowe did not answer this greeting with words, it was because her heart would not let her.

Then, in a moment, they stood still, and looked at each other, and Jessie saw what wealth and worldly accomplishments had done for her friend. They had made of her a graceful, stylish woman, capable of doing proudly the honors of the home where her husband had placed her; her face, too, that fair, bright face, had gained a new refinement, having lost whatsoever was rustic in its character, while retaining all its bloom of complexion, and its brightness of expression. In short, Abbie now looked what she was—the mistress of a magnificent home—the lady wife of a rich man.

And looking at Jessie, Abbie thought, at first, she had not greatly altered from the little girl who gathered shells with her on the sea shore. Her face was fuller, and had lost somewhat its sallow hue; the eyes still wore their hidden meanings of light and darkness, and the mouth had all its old, sweet changes of movement and smile.

The figure was a little below medium height, small and slender, and it had gained something of grace and dignity, for Jessie Rowe's movements would naturally keep some tune to the melodies that were set in her soul. She was not nearly so stylish and striking as Mrs. Rutledge, yet, looking at her, one could not help but feeling at once she had the unmistakable look and bearing of a gentlewoman.

Mrs. Rutledge escorted her guest up stairs,

into her own boudoir, pushed her into her easy chair, and with her own hands, removed her hat and shawl, talking all the time.

"You look worn out, you dear little soul, and I know you are. It was too bad, that I couldn't go home this Autumn, for I perfectly longed to see our folks, and how the 'cottage' looks! It was too bad that my husband should be absent, so he couldn't wait on you up from the cars. But the coachman found you immediately!"

"Immediately—thank you. I am not used to more than one attendant, Abbie!"

"Well, you shall be, pet. You see, I shall have you greatly honored this Winter, and you shall see all you want of city life, and the 'best society.'"

"I thank you for your good intentions, my darling. But I am not the material to be lionized, I suspect."

"You just leave us to form our opinions about that matter, if you please," with the old peremptory movement of her head.

"Isn't this a beautiful room, Jessie?" and the lady glanced round the apartment, which wealth and taste had filled with every adornment.

Jessie's eyes roamed over the splendor, exceeding all she had ever fancied.

"Beautiful, Abbie; and you have been, and are, in all things, very happy?"

"Oh, yes, I am; I ought to be very happy;" but it struck Jessie that Mrs. Rutledge's tones were not as elastic as her previous ones.

So they went on to talk of the past, and lay plans for the future, with many exclamations, and little intermittent leaps of laughter, as girl women always do.

At last Mr. Rutledge came in. He greeted Jessie very warmly, for he had always fancied her, and then she was his wife's friend, but it seemed to the girl he had grown older, and the wrinkles round his eyes had certainly deepened.

They went down to tea, soon after his entrance, and when Jessie saw Abbie seated before her magnificent service, she thought of the little blue cups and saucers in the back room, right under the shadow of the old Light House, where they had taken so many happy suppers together. But Abbie did the honors of the stately dining-room just as gracefully as though she had been accustomed to them all her life.

After tea, she put her arm around Jessie's waist, and the two girls and the old man went all over the house. The little country

girl's eyes were fairly dazzled with the splendor. The soft, velvet carpets, glowing with Southern flowers; the embroidered curtains rolling down in misty folds, from the heavy cornices to the floor; the oval mirrors in their carved frames; the crimson-cushioned chairs and divans; the paintings that filled the walls with the most beautiful landscapes of the old world, made the whole seem to Jessie's eyes like a fairy dream. She looked at her hostess again and again, to assure herself she was the Abbie of her childhood; but Jessie was not overwhelmed—she did not once lose her self-possession, although Abbie, with pardonable vanity, evidently would have enjoyed any effect this splendor could have produced on her friend; still, to her great credit be it said, all these things never made Mrs. Rutledge silly or ostentatious.

At last the trio went back to the boudoir, and settled down into the soft, easy chairs, before the bright grate fire, which was one of Abbie's fancies. So they passed the evening in varied talks, though Mr. Rutledge had an episode in reading the newspaper, and taking a nap in his chair.

And our heroine laid her head down to sleep on her canopied bed that night, to dream she and Abbie were Eastern princesses wandering through gorgeous palaces, which had so ravished her fancy when she read the "Arabian Nights" in the old kitchen at home, and that Mr. Rutledge was the Geni whose Lamp furnished all this splendor.

So Jessie Rowe made her first acquaintance with fashionable life. She now had waiters at her command; she rode out every day, and Mr. Rutledge's magnificent horses and caparisonings were the admiration of all beholders, and she soon had the "entree" of the first New York Society.

Mrs. Rutledge supervised her friend's wardrobe, for she had exquisite taste, and though Jessie's means were so limited, she was too independent to receive the gifts her friend would have lavished upon her; but she would not wound Abbie by refusing the half dozen elegant dresses, the exquisite, brown velvet hat and cloak she had brought her from Paris. Then, Jessie was unlike her friend; showy nor elaborate dress did not become her, only soft, rich colors, and Abbie knew this.

And Jessie Rowe was happy now. Life opened before her new and beautiful, and she went out on the high tides of youth, with their glow and sparkle, and said to herself, joyfully,

"The night is over, and the future shall be all day with me."

Abbie was very fond of society, and of course created a great sensation at the parties, and operas she was so fond of attending. Jessie was quite the reverse—social, but not gay, and despite all Mrs. Rutledge's entreaties refused to take dancing lessons.

But she made many new, and some valuable acquaintances, and this experience of fashionable life afforded much greater scope and power to her pen; and the name of Jessie Rowe now began, through her works, to be known in the circles she was entering.

—
"And you liked Rome better than any of the cities you visited! I did not know before, you had a particular fancy for ruins!" remarked Jessie, to her hostess, one afternoon, as they sat alone together, in the little boudoir, before the soft glow of the grate fire, which was the favorite resort of both.

Abbie started. "What in the world makes you think I liked Rome best?"

"Why, you wrote me so, dear! Don't you remember?"

"Oh, I'd quite forgotten it. Yes; I did like Rome best; not especially for its ruins, though. I haven't your weakness in that particular."

"For its skies, then?"

"Not wholly, beautiful as they and the land of Italy are. Oh, Jessie, I could be perfectly happy to pass my whole life in that country of music, and flowers, with one that I loved."

She spoke the words half sad, half-tenderly.

"Your husband and you, then, wouldn't harmonize on that subject. He's taken a great distaste to Italian habits and society."

"I know it. He's such a practical body, he couldn't find any sentiment in the people or the country, though I presume he's too old to feel sentiment at all, now. But I like the society one finds in Italy; its *bonhomie*, and grace, and freedom from restraint."

"It was there that you met the interesting Southern gentleman your husband was speaking of the other day, was it not?" Jessie asked the question quite accidentally, meanwhile examining the twin birds of Paradise on the rug.

The blood deepened in Abbie's cheek. "Yes; I wish you could have seen him, Jessie; for one does not meet with such a man more than once in a lifetime."

Jessie looked up with new interest. "What

is the reason you've never spoken of him to me, Abbie?"

"I don't know," with a little embarrassment. "It is difficult for me to talk about Philip Grange to one who has not seen him."

"Philip Grange; what a musical name. Is he handsome?"

"Very; dark and tall, with striking, and most fascinating manners."

"Why, this Philip Grange must be ——"

"Hush, hush," interrupted Abbie. Mr. Rutledge is coming, and I don't like he should hear us talking about him."

"You don't mean to say that he's jealous, Abbie?" in some consternation.

"Oh, n—o, not exactly; but you know, when old men catch young birds, they're apt to be choice of them."

The entrance of Mr. Rutledge here put an end to the conversation; but a new suspicion had dawned in the mind of Jessie Rowe.

Nathan Rutledge, Esq., was a proud and indulgent husband; a man who had made his own money and station in the world. He had, however, many foibles, and weaknesses of character, which, in earlier life, might have been eradicated by a judicious, high-minded woman.

But his first wife had died while he was still young, and he had remained a widower for more than twenty years; consequently, time had rather strengthened than softened the defects of his character. There was a petty vanity about the man, at times very disgusting to a woman of high spirit. His love for

his wife, too, partook strongly of that which he felt for his horses, or his magnificent home. He was proud of her youth, and grace, and beauty, and that she belonged to him, for an under current of selfishness permeated his whole being.

Jessie Rowe, with those delicate instincts of character, which Genius alone bestows, was not long in making this discovery of Nathan Rutledge, and she thought that Abbie felt something of this also, and that she looked around her splendid home, and knew that for these things she had sold herself to an old man. This thought would have burned into Jessie Rowe's life, and wrecked it; but it was different with her friend—her tastes, her happiness, were much in the outward, and so this furnished her with many relations and interests, her heart would not break for lack of affection.

The intercourse of Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge was usually polite on both sides. Abbie had tact enough to manage most men, and too much self-respect to quarrel with any, but Jessie observed that her brow occasionally wore a cloud, and her tones a sharpness, and that she did not submit to her husband's caresses with a very good grace; he was inclined to be uxorious at times, and at others a little pompous and patronizing, both of which were exceedingly displeasing to his wife.

But their married life had so far run on smoothly, and if her heart, (for Abbie had one) never awakened within her, she might always be comfortable. But if it should — then God, in His infinite mercy, help her!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE POET.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

EARTH was fading from his vision,
Death had clasped his willing hand,
As he passed the haunted portals
Of the unknown, silent land.

White-winged Peace in the dim chamber
Waved her pinions o'er the gloom,
And the angels softly whispered
In that dimly-lighted room.

Then the poor, who truly loved him,
Laid him to his long, long rest,
With his pale hands meekly folded
O'er the lyre upon his breast.

Not alone he passed Death's River,
Lowly ones, long gone before,
All the children, too, who loved him,
Waiting his coming on the shore.

'Twas for them he lived and labored,
Not the world his praise confessed,
But the poor and suffering blessed him,
And he loved *their* praises best.

So the angels came to crown him,
While their blessings fell like rain,
And at last the poet-pilgrim
Knew he had not lived in vain.
Orwell, Vt.

THE POET'S LESSON.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Who does not, at times, grow weary over his work? Who is not often discouraged at the smallness of the apparent return of fruit as the result of his labor? The preacher, the poet and the novelist, scatter the seeds of truth to the right hand and to the left—over the plowed field and by the barren wayside—and then go on their ways. The seed may strike its living roots down into the inviting soil, and send up green blades to flutter in the sunshine; and there may come sweet blossoms, with fruits and grain—yet, the preacher and the poet may never hear of the golden harvests that crowned their labor with blessings. They would be more than human, were they not often discouraged; did not often faint by the way; sighed not, often, for a wider and clearer response.

So it was with Adrian, the poet and teacher of life. Life-lessons, whose voice found echoes in thousands and thousands of hearts all over the length and breadth of the land. So it was, with him, as he sat alone on New Year's Eve, listening now to the shrill whistle of the blast without, and now to its sobbings and moanings, as it lingered along the shaggy eaves, and among the gables and towering chimneys.

Adrian was sadder than usual on this wintry New Year's Eve. The hand of some unkindly spirit had found its way to his heart strings and swept them with discordant pulsations.

"Is not my work lighter than vanity?" Thus he spoke with himself, moodily and despondingly. "What are the airy rhymes of a poet, or the light tissues of fable, romance and story, that are woven by his pen? Does not the wind bear them up and away as if they were gossamer? A blast of the angry tempest, and where are they? The statesman wields a nation's destiny. He sets his mark upon the age, and history points back to him through a thousand generations. The merchant brings together the very ends of the earth, and unites empires by bonds of mutual benefits. Look at the engineer, the builder, the sublime astronomer, the noble historian! Alas! Am I not the weakest, the poorest, the meanest in the world? Let me die and make no sign."

Unhappy Adrian! What false spirit hast thou admitted into the guest-chamber of reason? It has not always been so with thee. Not many days have passed since a deep and pure delight was given thee in thy work—a delight passing the comprehension of many.

The evening waned, and Adrian, having wearied himself with unhappy thoughts and feelings, sunk quietly away into sleep. Blessed sleep! How opportunely it comes, with its veil of oblivion.

Blessed sleep! Is there a dweller upon the earth who has not uttered these words in fervent thankfulness many, many times? Sleep changes the progressive order of our lives. Volition ceases, and with volition the fret and fever of existence. As the action of all voluntary muscle in the body ceases, so ceases the action of all the voluntary faculties of the mind. Come we, then, of course, more directly under heavenly guardianship, and heavenly influence. How sweetly is the spirit tranquilized! No matter how violently may have raged the storms of passion ere nature claimed her hours of sleep, the morning surely comes to us in calmness and peace.

Adrian slept; and there came dreams to his sleep. One dream was after this wise:

He was walking across a barren field, along a narrow path that led him at last to the door of a poor laborer's cottage. It was near the close of day. In the door of the cottage sat a woman, and two children stood by her, listening attentively while she read. They did not appear to notice Adrian, though he drew so close to them that he could hear every word that fell from the woman's lips. Suddenly his heart leaped with a strange delight. The words to which she was giving voice were his own words. He had written them many years before, earnestly desiring that they might find their way into children's hearts, and bear with them a blessing.

The mother read on, and the children leaned towards her. Adrian saw that the pure lessons he had given were sinking into their young minds.

"I will be like that good man," said one of the children, as his mother ceased reading.

"And I will try to be like the sweet young lady, his daughter," said the other.

"Such good examples, my children, are for our imitation," answered the mother. "We are poor, but we may all have the riches about which we are told in the story—riches of love and wisdom from our Father in Heaven. Possessing these, we can do much good to others as we pass through life; and to do good, my children, is to be happy."

Like one of those dissolving views that charm while they delude the senses, changed this humble scene into one of external grace and beauty. Adrian was in the luxurious apartment of a lady grown life-weary through idleness. She lay, half reclined, on a sofa, her countenance wearing a fretful aspect. As before, his presence seemed not observed. Sighs parted her lips—and words were uttered—her restless body was constantly changing its positions.

"Oh, I am wretched!" she murmured. "Exist-

ence is a tiresome burden. It were better to die and be at rest, than live this aimless, miserable life."

Even while she spoke, a beautiful young maiden came gliding into the room. She held an open book in her hand. With a winning smile, she said—

"Oh, Aunt, I have found something that you will be charmed to hear. Let me read it to you."

"No, child"—and the lady put up her hands.

"I am in no mood for reading."

But the sweet girl would take no denial. Drawing an ottoman to the lady's feet, she sat down and read. How familiar was the language which fell from her lips! Adrian listened. It was a simple allegory that the maiden read; yet the truth it illustrated could not fail, if it reached any mind, to awaken aspirations towards goodness. And he had composed that allegory years gone by—composed, and sent it forth on its mission.

At first, the lady was restless; and it was plain that she repressed her impatience only by an effort. But all at once she became quiet, and leaned her head in a listening attitude; nor did she move until the reading was over—then the whole aspect of her face was changed. It was no longer depressed, nor fretful, but had about it a calmness and elevation that was pleasant to look upon.

"I knew that it would stir your soul with better feelings, Aunt," said the maiden.

"And it has done so," was the earnestly spoken reply. "If I could only rest in the teachings of that charming little story—could only, as the sweet lady therein described, forget myself in loving others—life would put on a new charm. Thanks to the author for his lesson of wisdom! Do you know his name, my child?"

Adrian held his breath. He knew that his own name would come in music from the maiden's lips, and it did come, sending through every fibre of his spirit a thrill of exquisite pleasure.

"May God bless him for the good he has done!" said the lady, warmly. "And may God help me to profit well by the lesson I have now received."

"Will you go with me to-day on a visit to old Mrs. Armour?" asked the maiden, pressing to immediate action the good impulses that were stirring in the heart of the lady.

"To-day." There was an air of reluctance about the speaker.

"Yes, to-day, Aunt. Remember the lady in the story, and her motto—'Let no good impulse wait until to-morrow.' Mrs. Armour will be so glad to see you."

Thus urged, the lady consented. And so the story of Adrian brought a double blessing, and he had his reward.

Faded this scene like the other; and now a low wail of grief penetrated her ears. Looking up, he saw a woman heavily draped in the garments of mourning. She sat by a table on which lay some books. In her hand she held the miniature of a child; and Adrian knew that it was her child,

and that it had passed upwards to dwell with angels. Tears blinded the grieving mother's eye, as she tried to look upon the pictured face of her departed. Friend after friend came into the room, and sought to comfort the mourner; but she turned from them, and wept on. Their words had in them no touch of healing. And so they left her alone in her sorrow. All grief spends itself, sobbing away into silence, like the departing tempest. The lady grew calm at length; and thought began to reach out from the darkness wherein it was shrouded, to find something upon which it could rest and gain support in this hour of bitter trial. Now her hand moved upon the books that lay upon the table; now it rested upon a volume in blue and gold; and now a page was opened before her, and her eyes fell upon words that instantly fixed her attention. The book was one of Adrian's—he knew it at a glance.

The lady read, and a gradual change was soon apparent. The almost hopeless anguish of her countenance softened away into resignation—and her eyes, so stony in their expression a little while before, were growing tender, meek, and patient. Closing the book, at length, she lifted her gaze upwards and said, in a subdued voice—

"Father, I thank thee for these words of comfort and hope, that must have been written for me. Upon the darkness of my sorrow light has broken. A veil has been drawn aside, and I see that in love thou hast visited me—for only in love are thy dealings with the children of men. By thy inspiration has the poet spoken; and I take his words as messages from thee. Thy hand is near me in this grief, and thy arm is extended to support me. Light has come through the heavily curtained windows, and I see thy Providence as in noonday light."

There was a pause. The lady's eyes fell to the book, and she read on again.

"Thanks, Poet and Comforter! Thy mission is high and noble," she said, closing the book at length. "May Heaven's choicest blessings be showered upon thy heart."

And this scene changed also. Adrian was now in the street, moving along with the promiscuous crowd. Two young men went by him. They were in earnest conversation. Something impelled him to follow; and, as he did so, he heard all that passed between them. One, the youngest, seemed bent on doing something, from the consummation of which his older companion was trying to dissuade him. But, though he urged many strong considerations, the boy—for he was only a boy, in fact—swerved not a hair from his purpose.

"Leave me," he said, with all the firmness he could assume. "Leave me, I say!"

"No, Edward, my friend, I cannot leave you," answered the elder companion. "You are wrong to put yourself in the way of temptation."

"Don't fear for me. I know myself," was returned, with considerable impatience of manner.

"I do fear for you. You do not know yourself nor the almost irresistible influence which a number of persons, all consenting to a single act, have over individuals who come within their sphere."

"It is in vain; and now good night. Let us part here. I will see you to-morrow morning. Good night!"

And the determined boy sought to escape from his friend; but the friend loved him too truly to suffer him to go, alone, into paths where a false step might prove his ruin. Laying hold upon his arm, he said, in a tone full of interest and persuasion—

"Edward, let me repeat to you something which I read in a book to-day. It arrested my attention at the time, and now comes up in my thoughts with singular vividness."

"To-morrow, I will hear it," said the young man, petulantly.

"No, you must hear it to-night—Listen!"

And then Adrian heard this faithful friend repeat, with singular truth to style and language, a little composed life-history, which years before he had written and cast forth upon human minds as bread is cast upon the waters. In writing this life-history, he had come into a most vivid perception of the power of evil enticements over minds of a certain temperament, and had, with a wonderful truth to nature, drawn character, incident, action, and consequence, in their relation and progression. So startling and life-like were the scenes presented, and so painful the final result, that, when the last sentence fell from the monitor's lips, his young friend turned on him a pallid face. There was a pause, and silence, for some moments.

"Come!" said the friend, gently.

"Saved! Saved!" Almost sobbed the now

subdued, repentant boy, as he grasped the arm of his companion.

Adrian awoke! The wintry wind still wailed and moaned without, but it had no power to sadden the poet's heart; for he heard music in its tones. This dream was to him a revelation of the truth. He knew that in his work were good seeds; and now he felt assured that if good seeds were scattered upon human hearts, some of them must fall upon good ground, and bring forth fruit in the harvest time.

"To inspire the heart with noble and virtuous impulses; to send rays of comfort into souls darkened by sorrow; to help the weak; give sight to the blind wanderer in the mazes of error, and to hold back the steps from sin—are not these great deeds?"

And Adrian's heart began to swell with joy as he talked thus with himself; for a deeper insight had been given, and a clearer perception of truth vouchsafed.

Poet, novelist, preacher! The lesson is yours. Weary not over your tasks; faint not under your burdens; permit no shadows from the wing of doubt to dim the clear eye of faith. But work on in your high calling, sending abroad on every passing breeze the winged germs that shall fall upon good ground in thronged cities, distant hamlets, and solitary homes. Be diligent and faithful, and the Lord of the harvest will make your words fruitful. They shall go forth in light, in comfort, in strength, in blessing; and thousands upon thousands will thank God that you have lived and spoken. You will never know a hundredth part of the good you have done; but all will be written in the records of eternity.

"WHAT THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW, THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER."

BY MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY.

CHILD of Earth! depressed by sorrow,
Drinking deeply of the cup
Of dark gall, and wormwood bitter,
With a trusting heart look up.

Though the roses all are faded;
Though the thorns alone appear
In thy lonely path; despair not,
Bright Spring flowers will soon be here.

Has the storm cloud gathered o'er thee?
Muttering thunders met thine ear?
Tempests fiercely beat upon thee?
Yield not to distrust or fear.

Look above thee! Look above thee!
See! that cloud is lined with light;

What seems sad and dismal to thee,
Will, ere long, look clear and bright.

Walking blindly in the present,
What thou, mortal, knowest not now,
Thou shalt surely know hereafter;
Then with open, placid brow,

And a heart renewed, and strengthened,
Ready for each toil and strife,
As it comes, walk bravely onwards,
Towards a better, higher life.

Towards a life where peace perennial,
Love, and joy, forever dwell
Where, by heavenly light illumined,
We shall see all has been well.

Philadelphia, 1859.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

UNFAILING YEAST.—Boil two ounces of the best hops in four quarts of water for half an hour, strain it, and let it stand until lukewarm; then put into it a quarter of a pound of salt, and half a pound of moist sugar; beat up one pound of fine flour with some of the liquor, and mix all well together. Let it stand for two days. Then add three pounds of potatoes, boiled and mashed. Let it stand one more day. Then strain, put it into bottles, and it is ready for use. Do not cork the bottles till the yeast has done working. While making, keep it near the fire, and stir frequently. Before using, shake the bottle well. If put in a cool place, it will be good for two months. The bread requires longer time to rise in the sponge, and in the dough, than with common yeast, and is best baked in tins.

TO PRESERVE GAME, BEEF AND OTHER MEATS IN SUMMER OR DURING MOIST WEATHER.—Envelope in a clean white napkin the piece of meat, poultry, or game you wish to preserve, while it is quite fresh, and place it in the coal hole, well covered with the dust of charcoal, or with coals and cinders of a wood fire. In this manner meats may be kept for three weeks, without alteration, in spite of both heat and dampness.

Another way is to cover the meat with milk curd; this is an excellent way for those who object to the coal hole, as the curdled milk does not in the least affect the taste of the meat, and will preserve it perfectly well for a week or ten days. In both cases be sure the meat is perfectly fresh when put away.

TO PRESERVE RHUBARB.—Peel and cut the rhubarb with a fruit knife, put it in a preserve pan, add a little water, and cover with vine leaves; let it simmer till tender, then strain the rhubarb through an earthenware colander. Add one pound of loaf sugar to one pound and a half of rhubarb; blanch half an ounce of bitter almonds, and add a few of them to every pound and a half of boiled fruit, and a little of the juice; then boil gently for half an hour. This is an excellent and wholesome preserve.

PANADA.—A glass of white wine and an equal quantity of water, with a little nutmeg and lemon peel, should be set over a clear fire, in a saucepan; the moment it boils up, throw in a large tablespoonful of very fine bread crumbs; stir it up for a minute or two, until it is well mixed and thickened. If wanted for an invalid, where wine is not proper, make as directed, only putting more water instead of the wine, and when it is nearly ready to take off the fire, add the juice of a lemon or orange.

CLEANING BONNETS.—Oxalic acid and water may be used for Dunstable straw bonnets, and it will probably answer equally well for any other kind, provided they are not of too fragile a texture to bear the brushing necessary for cleaning them properly. An ounce of oxalic acid dissolved in a quart of water, is the proper proportion, but if the straw be very dirty add a little more acid. Apply it with a nail brush, leave the bonnet to dry, and it will be found to have regained all its former stiffness and freshness.

BLACK RETIVER FOR FADED MOURNING DRESSES, BLACK COATS, &c.—Take two pints of water, and boil in it the following ingredients until it is reduced to one pint: Two ounces of Aleppo galls, in powder; two ounces of logwood; one ounce of gum arabic; then add one ounce of sulphate of iron. Let it evaporate to a powder. Another way: Galls, eight ounces; logwood, one ounce; green vitriol, one ounce; iron filings, one ounce; sumac, one ounce; vinegar, one quart.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Shell a peck of peas and boil them until quite tender in two quarts of water. With a little cold milk, stir two half spoonfuls of flour, very smooth; add a little salt, black pepper, and a dust of cayenne pepper, and stir that into the boiling peas, until the whole boils again, and you will have a cheap and wholesome Summer dish. Green pea soup may also be made by using broth, instead of the milk and water.

TO CLEAN MIRRORS.—The greatest care should be taken in cleaning a mirror, to use only the softest articles, lest the glass should be scratched. It should first be dusted with a feather brush, then washed over with a sponge, dipped in spirits of wine, to remove the fly spots. After this, it should be dusted with powder blue in a thin muslin bag, and finally polished with an old silk handkerchief.

COLD MEAT SAUCE.—Put in a saucepan some chopped parley, a small piece of meat, and let it boil an hour. Strain, and add to the liquor salt, pepper, a piece of onion, and a little vinegar. Let it boil again; thicken with some grated bread. Cold meat is very nice, cut into slices, and warmed in this sauce.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Sift some ashes through a coarse sieve, put them in a small cask or earthen pots, and as fast as you collect your eggs put them in these ashes, with the small end down, taking care that they are entirely covered and do not touch each other.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

BUDS FROM THE CHRISTMAS BOUGHS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Concluded.)

"Why don't Mamma come, Fannie? Oh, I do so want to see Mamma!" The child's voice wound up plaintively through the gathering darkness, and the little pale, wistful face turned once more toward the sister.

It was Christmas night, and the mother had not yet come back. Alas! what a Christmas had it been to the two helpless little children who watched and waited for her in the back chamber of that old building in the alley; and yet, for many another child the Christmas had been born, and passed in the midst of beautiful gifts and loving caresses, and all the joyful festivities that gladden that day—God's blessed "good will" unto man.

The children dropped to sleep as they sat waiting before the fire-place the night before, and when at last the bitter cold had wakened Tinie, and she had cried for her mother, Fannie had carried her to bed in the dark, and lying down by her side, had soon fallen asleep, wondering greatly at her mother's long absence.

But greater still was the children's consternation on waking the next morning, to find she had not returned. The storm had gone down about day-break, and though the snow lay piled deep in the streets, the sun looked into the windows with a bright, cheery smile. Fannie had at last succeeded in kindling a fire, for a few sticks of wood still remained in the box in the corner. But this hardly served to comfort Tinie, who was just recovering from a severe cold, and the little thing sobbed and moaned piteously for her mother; besides, the children were both faint with hunger, and there was nothing but that dry, mouldy crust in the house to eat.

Suffering usually makes children precocious, and, at last, Fannie lifted her face, beaming with the light of a new thought, to her sister's. "Tinie, if you won't cry any more, I'll go down to the corner of the street as soon as the snow's beaten down, and ask somebody to give me some pennies to buy us some breakfast.

"Maybe I'll get enough to buy you a cake and an orange, if you'll promise to sit here real still, and not worry a bit while I'm gone." And at such a prospect, Tinie promised joyfully.

And, as soon as it was possible, the little girl drew an old shawl over her head, and went out to the nearest street. Ah, little children, God grant

you may never know how brave hunger will make the most timid and sensitive! But Fannie's pale face, and little shivering form, told her story better than her lips did, and a stranger passing by, stopped her, almost before she had opened them, saying: "Child, child, you ought not to be out in this bitter cold; take that, and run right home, as fast as you can," and he slipped a quarter of a dollar into her hand, and did not stop for her to thank him. So the little girl here hurried to the nearest store, bought some cakes and two oranges, and hastened home. Oh, the richest Christmas dinner in all the city did not taste so sweet as this did to the little girls that day!

They felt greatly comforted for awhile, and saved two of the largest cakes for their mother, and laughed outright at the thought of her amazed look when they each should give one to her; but their hearts grew heavy again, as the hours passed, and she did not come.

So the early Christmas night was softly dropping down, and still the mother was away, and Tinie's lips began to quiver, and she could not check the sobs in her throat, and the tears would run over her cheeks faster than she could wipe them away with a corner of her apron.

"Little Sissy wants Mamma, Fannie," she sobbed; "she wants to have her take her in her arms, and say, 'My little pet!' Little Sissy can't go to sleep again to-night, without she's snuggled up close in Mamma's lap."

"I don't know what keeps her away so long, I'm sure," said Fannie, despondingly.

"Maybe she's lost the way, and can't get back," suggested Tinie, bursting into tears.

"No, no; it can't be that."

"Well, what is it, then, Fannie?"

"I don't know; but I'll find out." Fannie added this a moment later, as her face settled into an expression of rigid determination. "Tinie, I'm going to find mother; I heard her say yesterday where she was going, and that it was over a mile, but I can ask folks the way."

"You won't leave me here all alone, Fannie?" quivered up the appealing voice.

"Had you rather go with me?"

"Yes; little sissy's afraid of the dark."

It was a cold, clear night. The stars illumined

the sky like golden lettering on a dark blue page, and they seemed to look down pityingly on the two little children, who, clinging fast to each others' hands, wandered up the long, cold streets, in search of their mother. Fannie had a child's quick intuition, and the people she addressed always stopped and told her the street she must follow, though they sometimes shook their heads.

"It's so cold; oh, Fannie, I can't go any further!" said the younger girl, at last, and the tears stood still, because of the cold, on her cheeks, her teeth chattered, and the great shivers ran over her little scantily-clothed figure.

"Oh, try and keep on a little further, sister; there's a good girl; we're almost there, I guess."

"I can't, Fannie; my hands ache so with the cold; I want to go home."

"See here, little sister, put both your hands right under my shawl, and I'll keep 'em nice and warm. There, now, you don't want to go home without seeing mother, when we're close by, and maybe she'll carry you in her arms all the way back."

Tinie did not answer, she only sobbed; but the little, heavy, half-frozen feet patted on with the sister's.

And Fannie's brave heart still kept up, though she was crying stifly all the while.

"Haven't I had a glorious time of it?" said Evelyn Aldrich, as she danced across the great parlor about nine o'clock on Christmas night.

Her company had just departed, and the rooms were in that state of general confusion which always follows the departure of many guests, be they large or little people; the chairs scattered about the room, and the music books over the piano. But the young hostess did not heed this in her state of hilarious enjoyment, as she flitted up and down the room, her curls dancing over her cheeks, and the white buds set like stars among them.

Her parents and uncle watched the fair child with fond admiration.

"Come and tell me if everything didn't go off capitally?" said the latter.

She danced up to his side. "Yes, Uncle, the music was beautiful; the supper was splendid, and —"

"Please, Ma'am, there's a couple of little things down stairs, as says that their mother is here, and they must see you. I can't make out what they mean, only they say you know all about it."

"I! It must be some mistake," said Mrs. Aldrich to the servant who brought her this message.

"Well, bring them up here, and let them tell their own story," interposed her husband.

A moment later they came into the room, two merry, half-clothed, half-frozen little children, holding fast hold of each others' hands; but at sight of Mrs. Aldrich, the youngest broke away, and running up to the lady, lisped, in piteous tones:

"Where's sissy's mamma? Sissy is tired, and must see her mamma now."

Oh, hearts only of stone could have resisted that appeal. Uncle Robert spoke first, as he bent down and took both the small, blue hands in his soft, warm ones:

"You poor little baby; what sent you here to find your mother? I tell you, Ed, this is more than I can stand."

"Come here, my child," said Mrs. Aldrich, in her kindest tones, to Fannie, who shrank back at first, at sight of the brilliantly-lighted room, and the strange faces, but the lady removed the old hood, and stroked her soft, brown hair so gently, that the child, in a few moments, regained her self-possession. She told her mad story with a mingled earnestness and pathos, that moved all their hearts, and Mrs. Aldrich cried out once, "Oh, God, forgive me," when Fannie related how her mother had returned home the morning before, without the money or the cakes she had promised the children.

And before Fannie had concluded the story, Eva and her mother were weeping, and the gentlemen were using their handkerchiefs in a way that looked very suspicious.

Mrs. Aldrich spoke first, looking very sharply at the child.

"What sort of a shawl did your mother wear, when she went out last night?"

"It was a red one with black spots on it."

"Mary, that was the woman I saw last night," said the gentleman to his wife, in solemn, emphatic tones. And the lady lifted her hands, and her face grew very white as she heard him.

"Did you see her? Oh, sir, won't you tell me where she is, so that little sister and I can find her?"

"My child, your mother is in Heaven." Mr. Aldrich spoke more to himself than to the child, hardly supposing she would comprehend his words, but she did, and with a long, low groan, she fell to the floor.

An hour later, if you had entered the sitting-room of Mr. Aldrich's residence, you would have found all the family assembled there. The children, whose sad story had so electrified the household, now wore soft, warm clothing, that had once been Eva's. Fannie lay on the lounge, her head resting on the great pillows, while her young hostess hovered about her, now smoothing her hair, now asking, for the hundredth time, how she felt; and Frederic, who, when she first entered the house, was regaling himself a second time in the dining-room, now vainly offered her the most tempting jellies and cakes. The child was too much exhausted to care for them. She only shook her head mournfully.

Tinie lay in Uncle Robert's arms. She had wound her own small ones around his neck, nestled

her head up close on his breast, and gone to sleep; too young to feel or realize her loss.

"Now, dear, can't you tell us your mother's name?" asked Mrs. Aldrich, leaning over Fannie.

"It was Christiana Seaton; Tinie was named after her."

"Uncle Robert turned round quickly, "And do you remember your father's?"

"Joseph Algernon Seaton."

"And did you ever live at a place called Longwood?"

"I've heard Mamma say we did, but it's before I can remember."

"My old school-mate, Joe Seaton!" exclaimed Uncle Robert; "and his wife died in the street, and his children were beggars. Oh, Joe, Joe; how I loved you!" And if little Tinie Seaton had not been sound asleep, she would have felt the warm dropping of tears on her hair.

After a long time, Uncle Robert spoke again: "I see, now, there is something of his features in this little face," and he stroked it gently as it lay softly on his breast.

"But how do you suppose his family were ever brought so low?" asked Mr. Aldrich.

"I lost sight of him after he left school, but I remember hearing his father died insolvent. I know he married a school-teacher, a young, and very lovely woman, but without fortune. Joe was very unfortunate, too, in business, and died suddenly, leaving no property. His wife had no near relatives, and I presume she came to the city to

find employment. We can imagine the rest; her struggles in a strange city, with pride and poverty, and, at last, the fearful end."

"Good night, Uncle. What a strange day this has been! So much has happened in it, that it seems almost a year since morning."

"Good night, dear child." Uncle Robert leaned down and kissed Eva, but she seemed lost in thought.

"I'm going to get Jane to remove the buds very carefully from my hair, and press and preserve them always."

"And they will always remind my Eva of her Uncle—won't they?" drawing her towards him.

"Always. Oh, Uncle, what are you going to do with those two dear little children?"

Uncle Robert smiled. "You know I have no little girls of my own to love, so I think I shall adopt these, and take care of them always. How shall you like to have them live here, Eva?"

She clapped her hands joyously: "Oh, that will be so nice, so nice!"

"Yes," continued Uncle Robert, speaking more to himself than to the child; "God has sent them to me, and I will accept them. Precious buds they are, too, which I hope to nourish very tenderly, and see them yet outliving the storm, and opening fair and fragrant on the boughs of time, and, at last, blossomed into eternal beauty, and making glad the garden of God, may I find my 'Buds FROM THE CHRISTMAS BOUGHS.'"

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE EXAMPLE OF A MOTHER, WHEN IT IS UNWORTHY, OFTEN PRODUCES REACTION INSTEAD OF IMITATION.

I CALL to mind several instances in support of this proposition, where vain, frivolous mothers possess daughters remarkable for good, plain, substantial qualities. Mrs. Andrews is a case in point. This woman is a novel-reading, slatternly, inefficient creature, who imagines it the height of womanly perfection, to be as useless as possible. Calling on her one morning, not long ago, I found her sitting slipshod, clad in a dingy wrapper, with some useless bit of sewing in her hand; while her daughter, of sixteen, was hard at work in the kitchen, doing the necessary drudgery of the family. This girl performs all the labor of the household, besides eking out their slender income with her needle.

As we sat talking, she could be seen from the window, in the kitchen yard, busy cleaning some cooking utensil. Her mother told me, in a confidential tone, accompanied by a sigh, and a shake of the head, as though it was a defect in her char-

acter, greatly to be deplored, that Clara hadn't a bit of romance or sentiment in her composition.

"Now, there, you see," she added, "she enjoys herself just as well in that way, as she would sitting down to the greatest intellectual feast imaginable. I have often lamented that she was so gross and material in her tastes, as she not only loses much pleasure herself, but I am deprived of the enjoyment, I should derive from the companionship of one whose pursuits and inclinations were congenial to my own."

"Mistaken woman," I thought. "Were she as fond of 'aerial food' as yourself, you would, in reality, soon be reduced to subsist exclusively on this substantial diet. I felt a desire to remonstrate with her thus: 'May not the care of your daughter, for the wants of the body which you deprecate, arise from a *sense of duty*, higher and more imperative than yours? May she not keep her finer tastes and inclinations in subordination to this

While engaged in these homely avocations, her thoughts need not necessarily be of *gross and material things*. Some high and pure natures, by a happy alchemy, ennoble whatever they touch, and throw a poetry around it. The meanest occupation is hallowed and beautified, by hands that use it for high purposes.

"Your daughter's neatly-fitting, delicately-patterned dress, and the vases of flowers in the window, show a sense of beauty superior to your own. Her face betokens thought—spirituality. Her performing the nearest duties first, and discharging them well, indicates an appreciation of the fitness and harmony of things. May she not partake of spiritual food of which you know not?"

The region of romance, and poetry, and beauty, may be entered in another way besides the vestibule of books, and the thoughts of others. Nature is their vast field, and imagination the portress.

H. C.

SINGING TO HER BABE!

I passed a dwelling in Duke street. The front door was open, and close by the step sat a young wife singing to her babe. There was a low, sweet melody in her voice; true, the words were very simple, but all the fascination of song was there. The little babe, not yet able to make the adventurous circuit of the room, lay quietly upon her lap; its little hands were folded across its breast, and its soft, beautiful eyes seemed to dilate with joy and wonderment, as the musical sounds fell upon its ears.

Singing to her babe! A scene, indeed, to touch the soul with quiet pleasure. A mother's heart wrapped up in her first born; her joy, her light, her very life! Already she was dropping soft, welcome sounds into its teachable soul. I could not help marmuring:

"Rich, though poor!

That low-roofed cottage is this hour a Heaven—
Music is in it—and the song she sings,
That sweet-voiced wife, arrests the ear
Of the young child awake upon her knee."

Singing to her babe! Would it be hers to lead those tiny feet into the way of righteousness, and by the river of Everlasting Life?

She was one who held a treasure,
A gem of wondrous cost;
Did it mar her heart's deep pleasure,
The fear it might be lost?

She could instil into that young, impressible mind the knowledge of good and evil, the life-toned integrity of the soul, the earnest faith that hopeth and believeth all things in Christ. As she watched its slow, yet delightful appreciation of objects and words—as she noted its developing intellect—did she feel her responsibility? Was she conscious that she held the silken cords in her hand, that were to bind the present to the future?

Singing to her babe! As I gazed upon the scene, I could not help wondering what the fate of that dear child might be. Would it remember the earnest lessons learned from the mother's lips? Would it treasure her precepts, and follow her example? Or would it drift idly about upon the sea of life, careless where its world of truth might be, and sinking at last to a dishonored grave? Would it exclaim, when age lined the dark locks with silver, and added a tremor to the voice—

"Yes, I have left the golden shore,

Where childhood 'midst the roses play'd;
Those sunny dreams will come no more,
That youth, a long, bright Sabbath made.
Yet, while those dreams of memory's eye
Arise in many a glittering train,
My soul goes back to infancy,
And hears my mother's song again!"

Lancaster, Pa.

F. H. STAUFFER

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

SLEEP.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

For the real cause of sleep, learned physicians and wise philosophers have been unable to account. When night, with its silence and darkness, comes on, the wearied mind and muscles, voluntarily, exclude the operation of the senses—the fibres of the brain collapse to throw off a superabundance of blood, and we sink into repose, more or less refreshing, depending on other influences to which we are subjected in sleep.

The senses locked in healthful slumber—the mind hears nothing, sees nothing, and the brain and whole system is refreshed thereby. The mind and the muscles are at rest; but the heart contin-

ues to propel the blood through the system—digestion, insensible perspiration, and respiration, continue, and the senses awaken to renewed invigoration and activity. But do all experience this vigor from sleep? No; for refreshing sleep depends upon many influences.

As respiration continues in a sleeping as well as a wakeful state, we must have pure air to breathe by night, to render sleep invigorating. This many forget, and shut themselves in a close apartment, without any mode of ventilation. Their rooms, many times, are not aired through the day, and sometimes, in addition to the impurity of air

breathed over and over again, they are filled with the smoke of a pipe or segr.

Sleep, in such poisonous air, is disturbed and restless—the breathing hurried, oppressive, and languid—the heart flutters—the mind and brain disturbed and dull—the mouth, throat, tongue, lips, and stomach, experience a disagreeable sensation, the individual not thinking all this while what was the cause. Every effect has a cause, and this cause needs to be removed to remove the effect.

Healthful respiration, either in a sleeping or a wakeful state, cannot long be performed by any breathing animal without pure air. For this was man, and all breathing animals, furnished with lungs and air cells. At every respiration, air is inspired and respired. The inspired air should contain its natural quantity of oxygen, to purify the blood as it circulates through the lungs. All apartments, that have not means for constantly admitting out-door air, are filled with respired air, or air that has been rejected by the lungs as unfit to nourish the system.

If for want of pure air, this is breathed over again, it causes many injurious symptoms. This important fact cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the minds of all. All sleeping apartments need to be as large, high, dry, and airy, as possible. When air is admitted into them from windows, they ought to be at the foot of the bed, or nearly so. In all cases, the air should not be admitted at the head of the bed. In such a case, a person might take a fatal cold; for all people will take cold easier to have a current of air rushing upon their heads, shoulders, or backs, than in any other way. When from feebleness or inclemency, the air cannot be admitted directly into the sleep-

er's room, it should be admitted into an adjoining room, and the door of the sleeper's apartment remain open.

All excitement, care, sorrow, &c., should be banished from the mind before retiring. The evening hours should be spent in the quiet and seclusion of home, as far as possible, and early retiring the established rule. Not many will deny, that "Merry evening parties make sorry morning hours." "Trimming the midnight lamp," is destructive to life, health and happiness. At least one third of the twenty-four hours ought to be spent in refreshing sleep, to secure health of mind and body. Children and youth, that have not attained the full growth of the system, feeble persons, and those whose brains are actively exercised, require more sleep than that, to secure health.

Sleep diminishes the rapid motion of the blood, assists in the cure of disease, and promotes the growth of the system. The body receives nourishment during sleep; throws off acrid matter by in sensible perspiration, and increases in growth and strength more than when awake.

How often do people quote Bonaparte, as an example of late retiring and early rising, without thinking that Bonaparte had not a common constitution, nor a common mind. And who can tell what an impetus rest might have given to his mind and muscles? Who can tell whether all his deeds would have been accomplished as they were, if he had accustomed his mind and muscles to more rest? Who can say how many days and years might have been added to his life thereby?

Sleep, healthful sleep, all nature cries,
Can never be too highly prized.

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1859.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

EXPLANATIONS OF THE PICTURE-PLATE.

Toilette on the Left.—Robe of velvet-colored taffetas, with three skirts, ornamented with black silk, satin, or velvet, in triangles. Body plain and pointed with little knots of black silk or velvet ribbon on the front; depending from the bottom of the waist is a deep fall of black chenille. The sleeves are ornamented like the skirt, and the spaces, or reversed triangles, are ornamented with narrow black velvet or silk ribbons. Collar of embroidered muslin. Undersleeves of muslin, with wristlets of black velvet. Coiffure of black velvet or black lace. Gloves, straw-colored kid. Lace-boots of black taffetas.

Lady on the Right.—Dress of taffetas *noisette*, (hazel-nut color,) with designs of white satin. Mantle of black satin velvet or chenille ornamenta-

tion. The flowing sleeve of the mantle is ornamented like the front and the imitation pointed hood. White silk bonnet with hazel-colored feathers, trimmed with ribbons and brides of China blue and white, with velvet flowers of China blue, and a double *ruche* of blonde, filling the brim in front of the ears. Collar of embroidered muslin, and sleeves of embroidered muslin, with *ruches* at the wrist, of China blue. Gloves of light velvet kid, and lace-boots of black taffetas.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS.

As to colors for robes, those for visiting are brown, green, violet and black; but for full dress, the new colors of *grosille des Alpes* and peach blossom, with spot goods of lilac and lavender shades. Tulle is the approved material for full

party dress—made as plainly as possible, with two skirts, the upper one raised with bouquets; but white silk is also in high favor, made in double jupe, with tulle edges, and a plaited ornament of tulle up each side. Visiting dresses are either double-skirted, or the first skirt is nearly covered with two flowers which are edged with a ruffle from four to six inches deep, or bordered with fringe, headed with a deep *effile* in large pattern. Body, with pointed skirt twelve to fifteen inches deep, bertha square, sleeves full and slashed, with turn-back pointed wristband, and the end drawn in with a ribbon over the end of a lace under-sleeve, of which three inches falls below the wristband to cover the wrist. *Effile chenille*, edges the whole.

Lions poplin, of green, trimmed with black *passementerie*, cut high at the neck, and with pagoda sleeves, is very fashionable for home dress. It is not cut to fit the waist closely, but gathered into the figure, in the wrapper form; and the bertha—pointed on the back, extends out to the tips of the shoulders, and is edged with green fringe as far as the waist in front; the fringe being widest over the shoulders; but the bertha narrows at the waist, from whence it enlarges to the bottom of the skirt; between these side bands (continuations of the bertha) the apron-shaped centre is elaborately ornamented with a tracery of *chenille*

and tassels. Drawn bonnets are much in favor. There are two shapes of bonnets which divide favor nearly equally; these are the Cottage and the Marie Stuart patterns. The latter is distinguished for flaring away from the side of the head and rising to a point on the top of the head three inches back from the top of the forehead. Milliners, who have a supply of bonnet foundations without the point at front, are forming it of other material, which proves that bonnets which are not of the cottage shape must have the pointed border over the forehead, or they are ignored by our demoiselles. And it should be borne in mind that this important point should be so compressed as to leave room between the border and the head for scarcely any trimming; but there is a demi-veil of lace thrown back from the edge, and at the sides—over the ears—the border is very fully trimmed with blonde and floral ornaments. The ears of the bonnet nearly meet under the chin, and the curtain is of moderate depth.

With the next number we shall be able to give a description of the materials and make to comprise the mode for Spring, in full. At present our *couturieres* are engaged in orders for a distance, and our most dressy ladies are not in the habit of adopting a style in a hurry, or very early in the season.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SUNSHINE; OR, KATE VINTON. By Harriet B. M'Keever, author of "Twilight Musings." Philadelphia: *Lindsay & Bakston*.

Not having found time to read this volume, we take from the *Home Journal* the following notice: "This is a fresh, simple and unpretending story of a youthful Christian, who, notwithstanding much temptation and trouble were hers, yet kept herself 'unspeckled from the world,' and in all ways adorned the doctrine of Christ. Kate Vinton, the heroine, is a joyous and happy being, casting sunshine wherever she goes, and by her unselfish conduct, making all who, in the relations either of daughter, sister, pupil or friend, encounter her, love and respect her for the pure and Christian-like character she possesses. The story, considered simply as a narrative, without reference to the good lessons it inculcates, is entertaining, and will repay perusal. We can recommend it as being a book eminently suitable for family reading. Those who desire 'to aid a sister in adversity, struggling alone with the waves of life,' will, by the purchase of this little volume, effect thus much."

PETER CODDLE'S TRIP TO NEW YORK. Boston: *Gould & Lincoln*.

A new and amusing game for children, or rather, series of games, in which the young people will find pleasant recreation for Winter evenings.

JESSIE; OR, TRYING TO BE SOMEBODY. By Walter Aimwell. With illustrations. Boston: *Gould & Lincoln*.

This is another of the excellent and popular "Aimwell Stories." "The special object of 'Jessie' is to kindle in the hearts of the young, especially the children of misfortune and poverty, a pure and noble ambition, and to encourage them to strive for that good name whose price is far above rubies, and that conscience void of offence, which is of still more inestimable value."

HOWE'S COMPLETE BALL-ROOM HAND-BOOK: Containing upwards of three hundred dances; including all the latest and most fashionable dances, with elegant illustrations and full explanations; and every variety of the latest and most approved figures and calls for different changes, and rules on Deportment and Toilette, and the Etiquette of Dancing. By Elias Howe. Boston: *Hubbard W. Sweet*.

THE WOLF-BOY OF CHINA; OR, INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES IN THE LIFE OF LYN-PAYO. By William Dalton. Boston: *Jas. Munroe & Co.*

A fascinating book for boys. The descriptions of the Celestial Empire and the exciting adventures and hair-breadth escapes that are given, will enchain the young reader's attention, and hold him, charmed, to the last page of the story.

PALESTINE, PAST AND PRESENT: With Biblical, Literary and Scientific Notices. By Rev. Henry S. Osborn, A. M., Professor of Natural Science in Roanoke College, Salem, Va.; with original illustrations and a map of Palestine, by the author. Philadelphia: *James Challen & Son*, 25 South Sixth street.

The very handsome style in which Messrs. Challen & Son issue their books, as well as the intrinsic character of their publications, are attracting attention. "The City of the Great King" was a work of high merit; and now we have, from the same press, another of equal claim to public favor, issued in a like style of letter-press and costly illustrations.

The author seems to have possessed rare qualifications for the task of gathering and recording important facts illustrative of the past and present of Palestine; and his book is crowded with information that Biblical students will find of great value. The appendix is a treasury of knowledge. It contains, among other matters, the name of every place and nation mentioned in the Old and New Testaments, with references to all the passages of Scripture where they occur, including the modern names of many.

The chromographic engravings of fruits, birds and flowers of Palestine, are rich specimens of the art; while the mezzotint frontispiece, entitled "Hanefia," gives us a glimpse of a rare specimen of oriental beauty.

Author, publishers and artists have alike reason to be proud of this elegant volume.

META GRAY: OR, WHAT MAKES HOME HAPPY. By M. J. McIntosh, author of "Aunt Kitty's Tales," &c., &c. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The sweetness of patience, the calmness of religious confidence, the faith that looks ever beyond the darkness and tears of this world of trial and discipline—these are the elements of true happiness which our author seeks to create in the minds of her readers. Her books are as household words to a large circle; and this new tribute from her pen will receive a smiling welcome in thousands of homes, which we trust will be made happier through its entrance.

ZENaida. By Florence Anderson. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

This volume, says the *Home Journal*, "is the production of a vigorous and cultivated mind. To those who have not read it, we can promise an agreeable treat in its perusal. It is a sprightly, well-told story, replete with interest, and containing not a few striking passages, graphic descriptions, and truthful portraiture of character."

CORNELL'S GRAMMAR-SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY: Forming a part of a systematic series of School Geographies. By S. S. Cornell. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Another excellent contribution to our School literature. Teachers will appreciate its value, and bring it to their aid in the work of instruction.

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL, AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. New York: *Rudd & Carleton.*

A sweet, tender, heart-moving poem is "Babie Bell;" and dainty and fanciful are the other poems that make up the volume. We take as a specimen:

LITTLE MAUD.

'O where is our dainty, our darling,
The daintiest darling of all?
O where is the voice on the stairway,
O where is the voice in the hall?
The little short steps in the entry,
The silvery laugh in the hall?
O where is our dainty, our darling,
The daintiest darling of all,
'Little Maud?

"The peaches are ripe in the orchard,
The apricots ready to fall,
And the grapes are dripping their honey
All over the garden wall—
But where are the lips, full and melting,
That looked up so pouting and red,
When we dangled the sun-purpled bunches
Of Isabells over her head?
O rosebud of woman! where are you?
(She never replies to our call!)
O where is our dainty, our darling,
The daintiest darling of all,
'Little Maud?"

FROM POOR-HOUSE TO PULPIT; OR, THE TRIUMPHS OF THE LATE DR. JOHN KITTO, FROM BOYHOOD TO MANHOOD. A book for youth. By Wm. M. Thayer. Boston: *E. O. Libby & Co.*

"When a poor, deaf pauper, like Kitto, comes forth from his obscure condition, and rises, by his own personal exertions, to distinction among Biblical and Theological scholars, it is worth while to inquire *how it is done.*" So says the author in his preface, and in answering the inquiry, he has given us a volume of no ordinary interest, and one that young and old may read with profit. The biography is a remarkable one.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? A Novel. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

This novel has been completed, and we now have it in a single volume. It is the last, and critics say, the finest of Bulwer's masterly productions. It needs no word from us to induce the lovers of brilliant fiction, who have not already read the story in Harper's Weekly, to possess themselves of this book.

THE POWER OF PRAYER: Illustrated in the wonderful displays of Divine Grace at the Fulton street and other meetings in New York and elsewhere in 1857 and 1858. By Samuel Irenaeus Prime, author of "Travels in Europe and the East," &c., &c. New York: *Charles Scribner.*

A series of narratives and incidents connected with the revival of last year, related with great earnestness and pious feeling.

THE QUEEN'S DOMAIN, and other Poems. By William Winter. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co.

A new name to us in the department of poetry. The author writes with a tasteful appreciation of poetic themes, and in a polished style. We make a selection:

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

"You who judge by what you see,
Often fail to judge aright!
Stars are shining solemnly
In the day as in the night;
All the day they lie concealed
By the glory of the sun,
But at eve they shine, revealed
In the azure, one by one.

"So the daylight of a smile
May but veil the human face,
Hiding for a little while
Doubt, and care, and sorrow's trace;
So when shadow clouds of woe
O'er a happy face arise,
Still beneath the shadows glow
Stars of joy in gentle eyes.

"Life is arched with changing skies;
Rarely are they what they seem;
Children, we, of smiles and sighs—
Much we know, but more we dream.
Look beneath the outward show,
To the shadow or the light!
And from what you surely know,
Learn to see and judge aright."

THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. Thomson, D.D., twenty-five years a Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., in Syria and Palestine. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

There have been, recently, quite an influx of books devoted to Palestine, most of them important additions to this special department of literature. The two handsome volumes now before us, enriched with nearly three hundred finely-executed engravings, made from drawings which the authors sought to render as truthful as possible, are among the most valuable and interesting of the number. Dr. Thomson resided in Palestine for twenty-five years, and no man living, probably, is better acquainted with its antiquities and ruins, its history and productions, and the manners and customs of the people. In the light of these, and aided by rare powers of observation and description, he has studied the Scriptures amidst the scenes in which they were written, and the rich fruit of his labors is given to us in the work under consideration. A large portion of it was written, we are told, in the open country, amid the scenes described. Maps and copious indexes accompany the volumes, thus giving them a higher value.

POEMS BY FRANCES ANN KEMBLE. Boston, Ticknor & Fields.

The fancy of Mrs. Kemble is neither brilliant nor playful. She writes as one who has thought, felt, and suffered, and with a critical accuracy of style, the result of a fine taste, perfected through familiarity with the best writers. Some of her sonnets are marked by deep poetic feeling, and there is a classic finish about them, that wins our admiration. No one can read her poems without a certain sympathy with the author, as one who has received many sore thrusts in the life-battle, and yet carried a brave front, though pain was driving her almost to madness. They give an image of her mental states, and in reading them, we see the woman, perhaps, more truly as she is, than in any other presentation of herself that she has given.

The volume is a handsome one, and will find a large number of appreciative readers.

READINGS FOR YOUNG MEN, MERCHANTS, AND MEN OF BUSINESS. Reprinted from the London Edition. Boston and Cambridge. Jas. Monroe & Co.

Too high praise cannot be bestowed upon this admirable little book, which should be in the hands of every young man just starting in life, and also in the hands of every business man. Its manly and just precepts, its sound advice, and its judicious warnings, will save, if heeded, thousands, and raise many more to honorable prosperity.

THE POOR GIRL AND THE TRUE WOMAN; or, Elements of Woman's Success; drawn from the Life of Mary Lyon and others. A book for Girls. By Wm. M. Thayer. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

A good book, and one that cannot be read without profit. The author skillfully blends incident with sound precept, in a way to hold the attention, and leave the mind thoughtful and instructed.

DUST AND FOAM; or, Three Oceans and Two Continents. By T. Robinson Warren. New York: Charles Scribner.

The record of ten years' wanderings in Mexico, South America, Sandwich Islands, the East and West Indies, China, Philippines, Australia, and Polynesia; and interesting, of course, for he would be the dullest of authors, who could not, after such an experience, write a book that would hold the reader's attention.

THE YOUNG LADY'S ORACLE, A Fireside Amusement. Boston and Cambridge: Jas. Monroe & Co.

This will be a favorite with young people. It contains oracular answers to eighty questions on love, matrimony, business, and the various affairs of life; and gives the means of spending an evening quite pleasantly.

HONEY BLOSSOMS FOR LITTLE BEES. New York: M. W. Dodd.

A pleasant little book for children just learning to read. The print is large, the words easy, and the stories entertaining.

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE. New York: Stanford & Delisser.

This volume is handsomely gotten up, and will be interesting not only to the general reader, but to the historian, dealing as it does with prominent incidents and characters in the times of the French Revolution. The *Bastile*—that terror of a dead age, has an interest for almost every one; and this volume, as its title indicates, is filled with its sad chronicles.

THE LITTLE CHURCH LIBRARY. By Jenny Marsh Parker. New York: Stanford & Delisser.

We commend this work to the little folks. The

six volumes have a most attractive dress, enclosed in a very neat box. They appear to be full of wise lessons and good teachings, and make altogether a beautiful gift.

THOUGHTS FOR FAVORED HOURS, UPON BIBLE INCIDENTS AND CHARACTERS AND OTHER SUBJECTS. By Josiah Copley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A little volume of religious thoughts, to pick up at odd moments, or in hours of quietude. Taken up at the right time and in the right spirit, its pious words cannot fail to lead the mind to right reflections.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"ONLY A LITTLE LIE."

"Didn't I get out of that scrape nicely?" said Mrs. Reynolds, in an exultant voice, to her sister-in-law, as she returned to the sitting-room after waiting on a visitor to the front door.

"Yes, you did, Maria, but after all you didn't tell the truth." The lady's tone indicated that she did not regard this as a matter to be very much lamented.

"Well what could I do, Jerusha? If I had told Mrs. Smith that I knew beforehand her niece was to be married Wednesday night, she'd have thought I was the prime agent in the whole business, while you know very well I had nothing to do with it, except to hear what others told me. I just said I knew nothing about the matter until I read it in the papers, and after all that was a very little lie, just to keep peace."

"And I'll just tell my school-teacher I lost my book, Thursday, so I don't know my lessons," muttered Mary Reynolds on her way to school that morning. "It 'll only be a little bit of a lie, and ma tells 'em sometimes, and she wouldn't if there was any harm in it."

So the mother had built, on a foundation of sand, the character of her child; for of what worth, or reliance, or value of any kind is a character which does not rest on the Rock of Truth—which does not reverence and love Truth, above all earthly good or happiness—which does not look upon a Lie as something repellant, loathsome, horrible—something diseased from its birth-hour, and doomed unto death—something whose curse "was written from the beginning."

Now, there is no question that this love for Truth must be cultivated like every good quality; that the conscience must be carefully nurtured, and kept sensitive on this point. Much observation has also taught us that there is a vast constitutional difference in people respecting this thing.

Many persons have we met (persons too who would be thoroughly astounded were any one to tell them so) who evinced a frightful moral obtuseness respecting the sin of a lie; who would laugh over a deception artfully contrived and executed, without the smallest sense of the great curse which they have taken upon their own souls; people too of many good impulses and kindly emotions; but, reader, the longer you live the less will you find these out to be depended on. A character driven to and fro, of its own feelings, must, in the end, be a misery and a failure. Firm, deep-seated Principles, are the only safe Pilots among the reefs and quicksands of life.

And, then, we must be constantly on the guard, for it is so easy to fall into a habit of exaggeration and deception—the temptations to tell "little white lies" are so many, and so constant, that only a man or woman of deep seated principle can refrain from sometimes yielding to them, and those who have a constitutional regard for Truth have still to watch themselves lest they fall into danger.

For the conscience must be kept sensitive, and it will require a large amount of moral courage to do this; but, reader, let whatsoever of good will, or peace, or blessing, which is bought with the price of a lie, be regarded by you as the greatest of misfortunes, as something cursed of God.

People of witty, sparkling temperament, whose humor seizes the amusing points of a thing, and who can "tell a good story," are very apt to fall into a habit of exaggerating and heightening the colors of circumstances; and, as these people are usually social and entertaining, the temptation to amuse others is increased, and "so the foundations are loosened."

"All lies crystalize around some nucleus of truth," and there are many people who, alas! only have a "nucleus of truth" to their stories, who never report a thing as it occurred; who, un-

consciously to themselves, so warp and distort anything by their careless observations and disregard for truth, that not more than one-tenth part of their stories is to be accepted as reliable. What a fearful habit is this to fall into, and no one is excusable for it!

Oh Mother, who shall read these words, and who shall hold the plastic characters of your children beneath your moulding hand, we do solemnly beseech you, inculcate first, and deepest in their souls, *a love for truth*, a love for it beyond all earthly good, or honors, or treasures, making a Lie unto them the most hideous and terrible of all conceivable evils!

Remember, too, to watch yourself, daily, hourly, showing them by your own example the beauty, and the holiness of Truth, and though there may be times when it shall be proper and right to withhold this by Silence, still honor and exalt it always in Utterance!

The soul's mansion which every mortal is rearing day by day, must be planted upon the solid Rock—its strong walls must be painfully and slowly cemented together—its mighty arches must rest on pillars of marble—its chambers must be laid with beams of oak, and its roof be raised with rafters of the cedars of Lebanon; otherwise, when the storms arise, and the waves roar, they shall prevail against it.

V. F. T.

WILLIE WINKIE'S NURSERY SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, have published one of the sweetest little books for children that we have ever seen, entitled as above. It was written several years ago for the children of Scotland, by poets and learned men, who tried in this way to raise the standard of nursery literature. At the time of its publication, originally, Lord Jeffrey, in a letter to the Edinburgh publisher, said of it:—"There are touches of genuine pathos, more happy poetical images, and above all, more sweet and engaging pictures of what is peculiar in the depth, softness, and thoughtfulness of our Scotch domestic affections, in this extraordinary little volume, than I have met with in anything like the same compass since the days of Burns."

This praise, though warm, is well deserved.

☞ A private letter, says the *Rural Southerner*, received from one of a party of Santa Fe traders, thus mentions a valuable Virginia invention:—"Amid all our hardships we enjoy one real luxury, and that is delicious coffee. Our commissariat supplied himself in St. Louis with a coffee-pot that he calls the 'Old Dominion.' It is constructed upon some new principle, into the mysteries of which I have never penetrated, and in it he concocts the most delightful beverage I have ever tasted."

LITERARY ASPIRATIONS.

A young man, not yet of legal age, but ambitious of literary eminence, lays his case before the "Lounger" in Harper's Weekly, and asks for advice. The "Lounger" takes up the case, and makes some very sensible suggestions, the concluding sentences of which we copy. To the last paragraph we particularly call the attention of young aspirants for literary honors. It contains a truth lying at the foundation of all true eminence in the world of letters:

"Don't read about Keats, and Dr. Johnson, and Goldsmith, and the noble host who have starved before succeeding, and suppose that if you only starve hard enough you will at last succeed. If you have a good employment, do not mistake your ennui, which is incident to every calling, as a prompting to desert it, or as a proof that you can do something else better. At least, begin your literature while you are sure of a dinner. See how it flourishes and promises. Let the world taste your peaches and find out if it wants them, before you plow up your whole estate into a peach orchard.

"And do not misunderstand. 'If God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true.' But, first of all, be sure that it is he who calls, and not your own vanity, indolence, ignorance, and conceit of ability. The dignity of human pursuits lies in the character of the workman. Old George Herbert sings, with quaint solemnity:

'Who sweeps a room, as by His laws,
Makes that and the action fine.'

A merchant, or a merchant's clerk, may 'live by his pen' quite as honorably as the poet or the historian.

"Will D. G. and J. W., and many others, take what the 'Lounger' says as kindly as he means it? If your object be 'to make a hit,' instead of to help somebody or something, you are merely inordinately vain. It is just as true in literature as in morals, that whoever would find his life must lose it. If you adopt Literature for your own glorification, you may be very sure that God has *not* called you 'to explore Truth and Beauty.'"

☞ To CORRESPONDENTS.—To prevent disappointment, we must again repeat what we have often said before, that we cannot read long manuscripts, and give our opinion of their merits. Our time is too fully occupied for this. Nor can we undertake to correct and improve the compositions of young writers. A great deal of manuscript reaches us that we find it impossible to examine. Sometimes the articles are too long, but, oftener, they are written in such a microscopic, or illegible hand, that our weak eyes essay the task of reading in vain. Blue ink, and blue paper, at once condemn a manuscript. Not from any prejudice towards the color, but because of imperfect vision. We beg of our correspondents to use *white* paper, and to give us a clear and bold chirography. A few pennies saved in postage is economy on the wrong side, if at the expense of injured eye-sight.

FROST WORK.

BY MRS. E. M. SANGSTER.

My little girl sought me this morning,
Her blue eyes shining bright,
While over her cheeks the dimples
Were playing in cheerful light.

"Come to my room, dear Mother!
A curious thing is there;
A painter has been at work all night,
In the cold, and chilling air.

"He has made a beautiful castle,
Far up on a mountain high,
And a forest of old and stately trees,
With branches that touch the sky.

"They are all on my window, Mother,
The strange and beautiful things,
And the morning sun upon them
A light like the rainbow flings."

I went with the little prattler,
The mystical work to see,
And glorious, in the shining sun,
Was the delicate tracery.

For all night long, the artist
Had silently wrought away,
And only put by his pencil,
At the coming in of the day;

Softly and stealthily toiling,
By the holy light of the stars,
And the light that streams like a glory,
From the far-off crystal bars.

He had gone, as he came, in silence,
But his work was left behind,
Like the Fairies, who sent their favors,
At night, to the good and kind.

How often the silent worker,
In the busy mart of Time,
Weaves a life of angel beauty,
Then soars to another clime.

And when lip and brow have faded,
Beneath the dust of death,
Their echoes come to the living,
And awaken love and faith.

Oh! teach me, beautiful frost work,
Another lesson in life;
The web that is woven by night time,
At morning, with gems may be rife.

WHICH IS HAPPIEST?

There is a picture of life in the following that eager pursuers after wealth or high position, may ponder with benefit:—"We often see an old, weather-beaten man, who never had any success in his life, who always knew more, and accomplished less than his associates, who took the quarts and dirt of the enterprise, while they took the gold; and yet, in old age, he is the happier man—all his life long he was the happier man! He has a sum of hope, and they of desire and greed; and amidst all this misfortune, and these mysterious providences, he has had that within him which rose up and carried his head above all troubles, and upon their world-wide waters bore him up like the old ark upon the deluge. It was the deluge that gave out—not the ark."

☞ A lady, in sending a club of subscribers to the *Home Magazine*, writes:

"A short time ago I read a selection from the 'Boys' and Girls' Treasury,' to my scholars, to their infinite pleasure. One little fellow said, 'read us some more sweet things, please?' Said a bright little girl, 'I could listen all night'—and another, 'I feel better now.' To you, who are thronged with business, and congratulations, this may seem trivial, but my heart prompts me to give this testimony in favor of your *Home Magazine*, from honest-hearted childhood. Drops all the ocean, and small things, principally, constitute our happiness while tempest-tossed on the great ocean of human existence."

MARCH.

The voice of her mighty organ pipes is loud on the mountains, and lo! the burden of her exultant song, "The Winter is over!"

It is our third Editorial anniversary, reader! Three years have we been a monthly guest at your threshold, with kind welcomes, and precious "God Speeds" on every side. For you and for us, life has brought its chiaroscuro—light and shade, joy and sorrow; but to-day our heart is brave, as it seems to catch the tune of the wild March wind, and God helping us, we will go on to the Future, gathering from its fair gardens, fruits and flowers to refresh your souls.

V. F. T.

☞ The friends of the *Home Magazine* will be pleased to learn that its circulation for 1889 promises to be larger, considerably, than it was in the past year. From the beginning, every year has shown a good increase over the preceding; and we may fairly look for a circulation, ere long, parallel with the most popular magazines in the country.

A DELUSION DYING OUT.

From the beginning of that insane infatuation, mis-called spiritualism, we have, at intervals, lifted a voice of warning against it, and in terms that no reader could mistake, denounced it as an evil and dangerous thing. We gave to the phenomenon sufficient attention at first, to enable us to decide upon its origin and tendency; and from that time, no phase thereof presented itself, which, in any way, caused us to waver in opinion. All that we heard, saw, and read, was but corroborative of our original conclusion, that evil spirits were operating more ultimately on human minds, producing delusion, infatuation, and insanity; and that to come, voluntarily, within the sphere of their influence, was one of the most dangerous experiments to which any one could subject himself.

How sadly in hundreds, yea, thousands of instances, has our view of the matter found corroboration. Witness the fearful aggregate of insane persons from this cause—the suicides—the family estrangements and infidelities—the crimes and bestialities! Is not their name legion? And can we turn our eyes in any direction, and not see the blasting record of these things staring us in the face?

Does a good fountain send forth black and filthy water like this? No! The stream is evil at the very source. It issues from the pit of darkness.

The Hatch deceptions and shocking immoralities, and the melancholy suicide of one of the Hutchinson singers, are recent instances of the evils that spring from this most fruitful source of evil. May the warnings they speak, trumpet-voiced, be heeded by those who are in the least inclined, whether from curiosity or graver motives, to come within the sphere of this corrupt delusion.

A BOOK FOR YOUNG MEN.

A book that we would particularly recommend to lads and young men, is the *Life of George Stephenson*. After its thoughtful perusal, we hardly think the most aimless of beings could long remain indifferent to life's achievements. So adverse were the circumstances by which his early years were surrounded, that he attained the age of eighteen before he could read; and his position at twenty-one, was no higher than that of a brakeman to a colliery engine.

The whole story of early defect, struggle, slow progress, and final wonderful result, reads like a romance. Get the book; young men, and study its pages well. If there is any of the right stuff in you, it will send the fire of ambition through your veins—ambition to be something more than fine young gentleman, or stupid, droning sensualists.

☞ Don't forget, in supplying pleasant and instructive reading for your children, *Grace Greenwood's* "Little Pilgrim," published monthly, in the city, by Leander K. Lippincott, at fifty cents a year

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JULIA A. B.—That kind letter, and those verses are received. We are sorry and glad for you, and hope that your life, having tasted the cup of sorrow, may now put on the garments of joy.

STEELESVILLE.—We have enclosed your letter to Mr. Arthur, for a copy of the Magazine. No; we were never to school *there*. Are glad to learn our message reached you.

E.—E.—Your letter came on a grey, mist-folded day, to do us good. We are grateful for your love, and it was pleasant to hear from somebody who has dwelt under the shadow of one dear, old Alma Mater; glad, too, that it is dear to you for our sakes.

I.—E S.—We send your poem to Mr. Arthur for publication. We do not have the supervising of these things.

EMMA C. C.—Many thanks for your invitation; impossible as it is for us to accept it. We shall have to hold communion with you through our pen still, and are glad that this is of so much worth to you. V. F. T.

CORRECT SPEAKING.

We particularly commend the following to all young people. Few things so lower a person in the estimation of refined and educated people, as the use of slang.

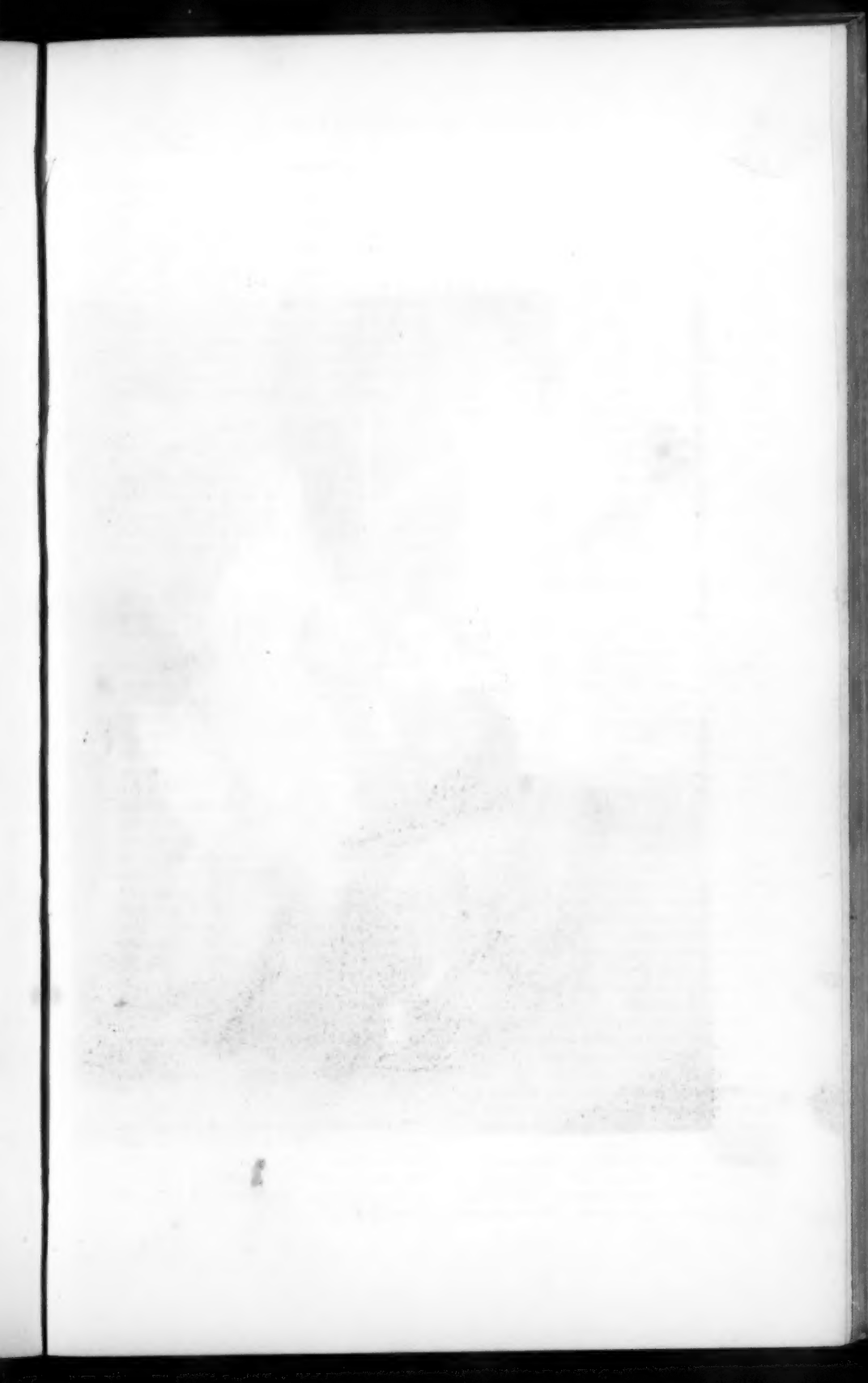
"Acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live, the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears—to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country—to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and to habituate himself to their use—avoiding, at the same time, that pedantic precision and bombast, which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind."

☞ We will send, post-paid, the following books by mail, on receipt of the price.

Steps Towards Heaven; or, Religion in Common Life. By T. S. Arthur, \$1 00

The Hand but not the Heart; or, the Life Trials of Jessie Loring. By T. S. Arthur, \$1 00

"CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR."—We would particularly recommend this excellent little paper, published and Edited by Rev. Alexander Clark, Pittsburg, Pa., to parents and children. The price is only 50 cents a year. Three copies are sent to one address, for \$1.





The Beau's Stratagem



HOME MAGAZINE APRIL 1859.



Miss Mary Rogers



HOME MAGAZINE APRIL 1859.



APRON IN BRODERIE EN LACET.



MORNING DRESS.



ROB OF MOIRE ANTIQUE.



PELERINE No. 1.



PELERINE No. 2.

CAPS AND HEAD DRESSES.



No. 1.



No. 2.



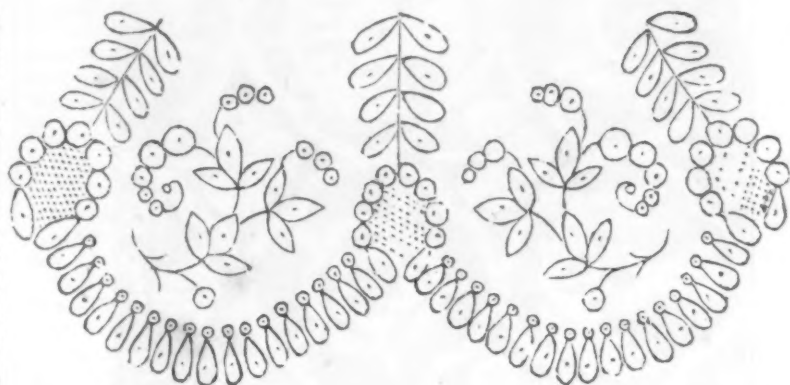
No. 3.



No. 4.



BABY'S SLIP.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN.

RETICULES



No. 2



No. 1.

(See Description.)